

THE REISSUE OF

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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FRANK LESLIE'S

**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

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**Gen. Sheridan's Late Victory—The Rebellion and the Golden Calf.**

THE 19th of October, first made for ever memorable by the surrender of the army of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., in 1781, has received a new baptism as a day sacred to Liberty and Union in the famous Shenandoah Valley. On the 19th day of October, 1864, in that valley of many battles, a victory was gained by the Federal arms in behalf of American unity, only second in importance to that achieved eighty-three years ago in the cause of American Independence.

Gen. Sheridan, under the severest test to which the leader of an army can be subjected, has proved himself the possessor of the highest qualities of generalship. The battle of the 19th instant, with its disastrous opening and triumphant termination, is the most remarkable

in all the lengthy catalogue of this sanguinary war. Our army at that hour in the morning, just before the break of the day, when wearied soldiers, having safely passed so far the dangers of the night, are most inclined to sleep, was stealthily approached through a dense fog, assaulted by a heavy force in flank, and in a swift and overwhelming charge was routed, thrown into confusion and flight, and driven a distance of five or six miles, involving in its surprise, repulse and retreat the loss of over 20 pieces of artillery and many prisoners. While still in disorder and falling back, the gloomy day waning into the afternoon, our army hailed the arrival of its invincible commander—Sheridan. His very presence brings his faithful soldiers to a stand. He passes through their lines; they catch his inspiration; they are reformed in a steady and unbroken front of battle as by magic; they advance; they charge along their whole line; the hitherto successful columns of the enemy are borne down. They are broken, scattered and routed from the field. They fly in confusion and dismay, leaving prisoners, artillery, wagons and all the debris of a shattered army strewn along their line of retreat of 10 miles, till the friendly curtain of night descends between them and the victorious Union legions in pursuit. Thus a field day which, in its opening, was one of the ugliest-looking disasters of the war, was suddenly transformed into one of most decisive triumphs, by the timely arrival of a commanding General, whose presence his soldiers have learned to regard as the sign of victory. Sheridan is one of those officers singled out by the strong perceptive eye of Gen. Grant for great enterprises, and the General-in-Chief, in declaring that he has "always regarded this admirable soldier as one of the ablest of Generals," pays him a compliment which adds to the lustre even of his late most wonderful and unexampled success.

The issue depending upon this battle of the 19th was Richmond or Washington. Had the enemy succeeded in what they had every reason to expect in the morning, the complete rout and dispersion of the Union army, we doubt not that Early would have advanced again upon our national capital. It is possible, too, that under such circumstances he might, by rapid marching, have effected a passage into the city; it is certain that, in requiring from Gen. Grant immediate reinforcements for the defence of Washington, Richmond would have been instantly relieved. And thus another campaign might have been lost, entailing the most serious consequences upon the national cause, politically and financially, at home and abroad.

But with the crushing defeat suffered by the enemy Richmond is correspondingly weakened. Gen. Lee is not in a position to spare another reinforcement to Early in the Shenandoah valley of 15,000 or 20,000 men. He endangered himself in detailing the column under Longstreet to Early, in order to make a powerful diversion that would compel Gen. Grant to relax his hold upon Richmond. Failing in this diversion, Lee is now in greater danger than ever; for all the approaches to Richmond, from the North and West, are open to Sheridan. Deprived of their provision trains, Early and Longstreet can find no resting place in the desolated upper Shenandoah valley. To subsist their troops they must fall back near enough to draw upon Lee's scanty supplies at Richmond, and in thus falling back they leave Sheridan free to strike to the right or left, as the occasion may invite, in direct support of Gen. Grant.

These reflections, we think, will suffice, with the intelligent reader, in explanation of the supreme importance of the great Union victory of the 19th of October. It involved, however, only the main link in the chain of rebel combinations, designed to break the force of our successes of September, East and West. Beginning with the "Trans-Mississippi Department," all the scattered odds and ends of the rebel armies there, from Texas to the Missouri border, were called together, under Gen. Price, for a strong diversion into Missouri. Thus, with a miscellaneous army of regulars, guerrillas and bushwhackers of some 25,000 or 30,000 men, he moved forward upon his mission, under the idea that the danger threatened to Missouri would divert to that quarter any Western detachments of new troops intended for Sherman or Grant. At the same time, under the personal supervision of Jeff Davis himself, the army of Hood in Georgia, *en masse*, is moved round to the rear of Atlanta for a raid upon Sherman's communications, that will compel him to abandon Georgia to save Tennessee and his base of supplies. The fresh army detailed from Richmond, under Longstreet, to secure the expulsion of Sheridan from the Shenandoah valley and another panic in Washington and throughout the North, completed the chain of aggressive combinations we have indicated.

Next came mysterious rumors of serious embarrassments to Sherman, of actual disasters in Missouri, and of some terrible impending blow in Virginia from Gen. Lee, at some point where least expected. Manipulating all these things to suit their notorious pur-

poses, the gold gamblers of Wall street, with all their rebel sympathising mercenaries, worked the market successfully in arresting the fall of gold, and in securing another rise from day to day, affecting all the business interests and classes of the community. Thus stood the issue between the worshippers of Jeff Davis and the golden calf, on the one side, and the cause of the country and the people at large, on the other side, when the tidings of Sheridan's late victory came flashing over the wires. The price of gold instantly declined; but the operators for a rise still held a footing upon doubts and mysteries which they saw in our official reports. In a short time, however, all doubts, all drawbacks to the public confidence in the national currency, whether emanating from Virginia, Georgia or Missouri, will be at an end. In this view, to all consumers of the essentials or luxuries of life, and to all manufacturers and business men, requiring raw materials of any kind, in their various branches of industry, we would still recommend economy, and a holding up, in their purchases, as far as practicable, for the better times are that surely coming. The welcome day so long expected is at last visibly dawning, and with the rising sun of the Union redeemed, our Wall street secession gold speculators, and their vocation in the interest of the rebellion, will be gone.

**Summary of the Week.****VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.**

Gen. Grant's army has sustained a severe loss in the death by fever of the capable and gallant Gen. D. B. Birney.

On the 14th Col. Gansevoort, 13th New York cavalry, surprised a camp of Mosby's guerrillas near Piedmont, taking all his artillery, caissons, &c. The guerrillas, however, captured and burned four or five boats at Point of Rocks, Md., on Oct. 14th.

**SHERIDAN'S ARMY.**

On the 15th of Oct. Crook attacked the enemy near Strasburg, and in short time drove them up the valley. But constant success had made them too confident, and while Sheridan was at Washington consulting, the rebels prepared to attack.

Before daylight on the 19th Early, marching from midnight, attacked Crook (8th), who held the left, Sheridan's line, and took them by surprise. Crook lost his artillery, and his corps was driven back in confusion. Wright (19th corps) and Emory (6th corps) made, for a time, a resolute stand, but, although Custer and Merritt did their utmost, the enemy drove all back.

At 11 Sheridan came on the field alone, riding in advance of his escort. His presence was a host.

He rallied the men and formed a line of battle about a mile north of Middletown, with the 8th on the left and the 19th on the right, Custer covering the left flank.

Sheridan then rode through the ranks, telling the men that he would return to his old headquarters before night.

At half-past one he attacked and drove the rebels steadily, although the fighting was desperate; but a resolute charge of the 6th and 19th corps at four o'clock broke the rebel line, and they fled, hotly pursued by Sheridan, who kept his word and returned to his old headquarters. The rebels made a stand with their rear guard at Fisher's hill, but Sheridan drove them out in haste.

We lost in the morning about 20 cannon, but Sheridan captured in all over 50, with at least 2,500 prisoners.

The rebels lost Gen. Ramseur, who died in our hands.

On our side Gen. Bidwell was killed, and Gens. Wright, Grover and Ricketts wounded.

**VERMONT.**

A party of rebels, whom our Canadian friends, with a view to future good feeling between us, have been assiduously cultivating, made a dash into St. Albans, killed several citizens, and robbed the banks.

Fourteen of the murderers were caught on the Canada side, but they claim their release under the decision in the Chesapeake case.

**GEORGIA.**

Hood, after striking the railroad between Rosasa and Dalton, fell back without fighting, and was pursued by Sherman. He moved rapidly towards south of Lafayette, carefully avoiding action. Wheeler's cavalry is still near Rome, but rebel cavalry now is a sorry affair.

**MISSISSIPPI.**

Lieut. Earle recently made a very consoling capture with a detachment of colored troops. He seized a rebel mail and 13 Union flags captured from Gen. Banks, which were on their way to Richmond. Full lists of the trans-Mississippi army were found, and a letter from the Governor of Louisiana urging the conscription of negroes.

Gen. Dana's raids have killed 100 rebels, and brought in as many prisoners, with many negroes and great quantities of cattle.

**MISSOURI.**

Anderson, with 40 guerrillas, murdered six citizens at Danville and destroyed much property, but was pursued and 32 of his party killed or wounded at High Hill.

On the 21st Gen. Curtis attacked Price in front on the Little Blue river near Independence, and was holding him till Rosecrans came up on his rear.

The hero of Iuka is not likely to be beaten by Price now.

**TENNESSEE.**

Rebel troops are hovering around Memphis, causing some alarm.

**LOUISIANA.**

Clinton and Greensburg have been captured by the Union forces, and an immense amount of rebel stores destroyed.

**SOUTH CAROLINA.**

The Charleston papers say that the bombardment has been recently very severe, doing great injury to persons and property.

**NAVAL.**

The fate of the Roanoke is at last known. She was captured by a party who went on her as Braine's party did on the Chesapeake. The rebels put the passengers on the brigantine Mathilde, and fired the Roanoke.

The Nippon is said to have been blown up and sunk by a shell from the rebel Fort Fisher, near Wilmington, N. C.

**BOOK NOTICES.**

**MANIFESTO OF DON GERARDO BARRIOS**, Captain General and President of the Republic of San Salvador, to his Fellow-Citizens. Translated from the Spanish. New York: Hallet, 74 Fulton street.

If any doubt existed of the infamous character of Carrera, the President of Guatemala, and the patriotism of Barrios, the ex-President of San Salvador, it would be dispelled by this most comprehensive and masterly document, every line of which bears the impress of sincerity and truth. It is addressed to the citizens of San Salvador, and sums up the history of Carrera's ferocity and treachery. In one sense, the success of that unscrupulous despot might be quoted as a convincing proof of how unworthy the South American Republics were of free institutions; but the fact is they are republican only in name, and no more like our own than the monarchy of Prussia is to that of England. The whole narrative shows that, in their recent state, the people are incapable of building for the best. As a proof of this, we quote the exact words of President Barrios, showing the wretched condition of Central America when emerging from the despotism of Spain:

"From the date of the independence Central America was enjoying a national Republican Government, with Guatemala established as its capital. But, as I have before stated, the retrograde party, identified with the clergy, was powerful in the city, and being ill-disposed to the new order of things, it repeatedly provoked fratricidal wars, as in the years 1823, 1824, 1827, 1828 and 1829. In the latter date Gen. Morazan, authorized by other States, came upon Guatemala, with an army, to destroy the retrograde element, which had overturned the constituted Governments by a revolution, and menaced the very existence of the Federal States. Morazan re-established constitutional order and the State authority at Guatemala, and assisted the State to get rid of the ringleaders of the late disturbances, among which were prominent the archbishop, sundry regular and secular clergymen and civilians of the oligarchy, who had been most active in the rebellion. Guatemala having rooted out these bad weeds, again set out on the path of progress, and although in 1833 some relics of the clerico-oligarchic faction tried again to raise their heads, even so far as to hoist the Spanish flag on the castle of Amoa, Morazan again hastened to the defence of liberty and the laws, routed the reactionists, and, two years afterwards, removed the capital to San Salvador, which had the double advantage of being free from that malign influence, and being in a more central position in the country."

We have not space to follow President Barrios through his admirable dissection of Carrera's conduct. Suffice it to say that in every sense Barrios shines out as the true and enlightened patriot, and his opponent as a sanguinary and remorseless tyrant. As a corollary to the foregoing, Barrios concludes his manifesto with two documents, which ought to be conclusive in the minds of every impartial person. They are the formal protests of George B. Mathew, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Queen of Great Britain, addressed to his Excellency Don Pedro de Aycoyena, Carrera's Minister of Foreign Relations, and of E. O. Crosby, Minister of the United States, addressed to the same person. Both of these documents unequivocally condemn the conduct pursued by Carrera towards the Sister Republic of San Salvador. We quote a passage from the latter document, dated 2d Feb., 1863. After expressing his regret at the determination announced by Carrera to commence war against San Salvador, he says:

"But he desires now to invite the serious attention of the Government of Guatemala to a fact which is part of the proceedings between the Governments of Guatemala and Salvador in this connection, which occurs in the view of the apprehended rupture, and which opened a way for the satisfaction of all offences, the reparation of all injuries, and the prevention of all the consequences of a war."

"He alludes to the means of settlement or arbitration, and the opportunity for a frank and loyal explanation, offered and accorded to by the Government of Salvador; and which, at the time it was made, he hoped would also be accepted here, since, in his opinion, it would have led to the restoration of amicable relations, and leave the citizens of the two Republics to develop, in peace, their increasing resources, acquit their obligations to others, and go on with the success which eleven years of peace and prosperity had secured."

The British Minister is equally firm in his belief in the uprightness of President Barrios, and says:

"The undersigned, simply doing justice to President Barrios, must add, that in the limited communications he has had with his Excellency on the subject, he has not found reason to believe him animated by motives of personal ambition in his adherence to a policy which he appears to have followed all his life, and has received from him repeated declarations which would imply the existence of very different sentiments."

"As respects to the second point in question, the undersigned can do no less than believe that the Government of Guatemala has been very erroneously informed. He has never had the slightest cause to suppose that his Excellency President Barrios had the slightest intention of attacking Guatemala."

We advise all who take an interest in Central America to read this able exposé of its affairs, and which, above all, vindicates the character of President Barrios from the unjust aspersions of his enemies.

**THE ART JOURNAL.** October, 1864. New York: Virtue, Yonston & Co.

This journal, which so well deserves its name, comes this month with a fine engraving, by Sharpe, of Louis's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Young with his Servant-Maid, and another addition to the Turner gallery, his "Italy—Child Harold's Pilgrimage," engraved by Willmore, and a very fine engraving of "A Spanish Lady," by Leroux, after the original painting of Velasquez.

The letterpress continues the interesting account of "Wedgwood and his Etruria," a series of papers which must possess additional charms to the English collectors of Wedgwood's works; an article on William John Müller, with very fine woodcut copies of his paintings of "An Italian Seaport," "Bacchanals," "After the Rain—North Wales." Wright's amusing "History of Caricature and the Grotesque" is continued, and Hogarth brought forward in an attitude which will be new to many, that of a paid worker for Lord Bute. The paper on "Ancient Egyptian Decoration" is a curious and instructive one, which might be continued by the study of the styles of other countries. "The Secular Clergy of the Middle Ages," with art correspondence, notes and notices, fill up the number.





# **EPITOME OF THE WEEK.**

**Domestic.**—The number of emigrants landed at this port last week was 2,773, making altogether 153,376 since Jan. 1, against 126,537 to this time last year. The commutation balance now in bank is \$17,524.07.

—The Grand Jury of the General Sessions were discharged on the 19th. They have disposed of a great deal of business since they have been in session, having found over 100 indictments and dismissed 34 complaints.

—The first grand mass meeting of the Veteran Union Club was held on Wednesday evening, the 19th, in the Cooper Institute, which was crowded by an audience mainly composed of veteran soldiers who have been disabled in the various battles of the Union since the commencement of the war. Cannon, shot and other implements were placed on the platform, and everything connected with the proceedings breathed a warlike spirit. The chairman of the club, in calling the meeting to order, said that their club was organized to secure the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, and from information received from the army he pledged the vote of the soldiers of the Empire State for the Union. Gen. John C. Cochrane was selected to preside, and made an eloquent speech in favor of a prosecution of the war, which was loudly applauded. He was followed by Col. Van Buren and others, whose remarks were received with great enthusiasm.

—In Indiana the Republicans now concede two majority in the State Senate to the Democrats.

—At the meeting of the Board of Education on the 19th Oct., the Finance Committee reported in favor of an appropriation of \$270,048.26 for the general current expenses. This includes \$200,000 for teachers' salaries. The appropriation was made. No further business of public interest occupied the attention of the Board.

—The most terrific gale and storm known for years occurred on Lake Huron, on the 7th and 8th inst., destroying a number of vessels, and doing serious damage to docks, &c. No lives were lost, so far as known at present.

—In the Superior Court, before Judge Barbour, Mrs. Jane Bryan, aged 70 years, obtained a verdict of \$1,950 against the administrator of her son's estate, for services rendered deceased as his housekeeper during a period of six years, during which time she took care of his children and managed his affairs generally. The case created unusual interest, and lasted two days.

—The United States Courts have decided that a ton consists of 2,240 pounds.

—Much sensation is caused in San Francisco by the opening of Pagan temples in that city by the Chinese for the worship of their Gods.

—Two young ladies, belonging to two of the most respectable families in St. Louis, were fined and lectured last week for parading the streets in male attire.

—Eighteen thousand dollars worth of lace were sold in one day at a retail drygoods house.

—The quantity of cotton exported from China last year was nearly 700,000 bales.

—President Lincoln has issued a proclamation appointing the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving day.

—The Postmaster has given the advertising of letters to the New York Times instead of the Herald.

—Great efforts are being made to introduce the culture of the coffee bean into the Connecticut valley, which is said to be the best substitute for coffee yet discovered.

—The trotting mare Flora Temple is about to be sold for \$15,000.

—A Halifax paper says with the greatest coolness: "The blockade-runner Old Dominion has returned after two unsuccessful attempts to get past the fleet of Wilmington. She is going to get a new supply of coal, and try again."

—Nearly all the Philadelphia banks organized under charters from the State have resolved to re-organize under the Banking act of Congress, as National Banks.

—There is a new institution in the Custom-house of New York, to wit, a corps of guides. Four men march among the great pillars and intricate passages ways of the building, and direct strangers to any department of the customs. There are so many branches that persons who have occasion to visit are sometimes unable to find what they seek. The guides wear signs on their hats.

**Naval.**—Mr. Webb has received a letter from Naples, Italy, announcing that the new ironclad frigate arrived at that port all safe and in good order after a passage of 20 days and 22 hours.

—The Roanoke left Havana on the 29th of Sept. for this port, and about ten o'clock on the night of that day the rebels, who till then had shown no symptoms of being anything but peaceable passengers, by a sudden movement, succeeded in securing all the officers of the steamer, and therefore soon had it under their control. After seeing the passengers and crew safely on board another vessel for Bermuda, the pirates burned the Roanoke. Her freight was not of great value, but she had on board between \$50,000 and \$60,000 in funds, which her rebel captors of course secured. These pirates were under the lead of the notorious Braine.

**Personal.**—Israel Washburne has recently presented to the town of Washburne, Aroostook county, Maine, a valuable library.

—James Potts Metcalfe was yesterday appointed by Judge Nelson United States Commissioner.

—Gen. McClellan paid a lengthened visit to Mr. James Gordon Bennett at Washington Heights last week.

—Col. Clarence Prentice, only surviving son of G. D. Prentice, is about to be tried for killing a Mr. White, of Abingdon, Va.

—Edward Bulwer Lytton's son, better known as Owen Meredith, is going to marry a daughter of the Earl of Clarendon.

—Gen. Winfield Scott intends spending the winter in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

**Obituary.**—Major Gen. Birney died in Philadelphia, on the 19th of October, from the effects of fever caused by exposure during the campaign. At the battle of the 10th he was so ill that he directed his men from an ambulance, refusing to leave the field. David B. Birney was the son of Hon. James G. Birney, a wealthy Alabama planter, who removed many years since to Ohio, liberated his slaves, and openly and manfully avowed his principles in behalf of freedom and the emancipation of the slave from Southern bondage. When the war was forced upon the North by the South, Gen. Birney was engaged in a lucrative business in Philadelphia. A civilian, he espoused ardently the sacred cause of the nation, and volunteering for its defence, was made Lieut.-Col. of the 23d Pennsylvania Volunteers, enlisted for three months' service. At the expiration of his term of service he returned to this city and recruited the regiment for three years, and again took the field as its commander. In August, 1861, he was promoted for gallant service in the field, to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers, a position which he filled with such credit to himself and the country that, on the 23d of May, 1863, he was advanced by the President to a Major-Generalship. As a Division Commander in the famous 2d Corps, he won an enviable distinction, and there were few battles in which Birney's Division did not take a prominent and decisive part. It is but a brief period since he was appointed to the command of the 10th army corps; yet in that time he had fought several battles of magnitude, in all of which he proved victor. In the movement on the north bank of the James he was in the advance, and his corps, through his skill and gallantry, gained those great advantages which have placed our army at the very gates of Richmond.

—Bishop Boone died in China on the 17th of July. He was the soul of the mission there.

—Col. Thomas J. C. Amory, of the 17th Massachusetts regiment, died of yellow fever at Beaufort, N. C., on the 6th of October. He was a captain in the regular army, and much loved by all.

—Mr. Tait, the well-known Edinburgh publisher, has just died, aged 72. Some 25 years ago he commenced *Tait's Magazine*, one of the most brilliant publications of the day.

—Vincenzo Lazari, the custodian of the Museo Correr, one of the best antiquarian and numismatic collections of Italy, author of the "Notizie delle opere d'arte della raccolta Correr," editor of Marco Polo's Travels, and many other valuable works, has recently died in Venice.

**Accidents and Calamities.**—A very destructive fire occurred on the night of the 18th inst., at Brownstown, one of the suburbs of the city of Pittsburgh, Pa. The extensive tank factory of Chess, Smith & Co. was totally destroyed. The entire loss is estimated at \$200,000, on which there is an insurance of \$50,000.

—At Ottawa, Ill., on the night of the 16th inst., the City Bank building and four other buildings occupied as stores were burned. The loss is quite heavy, but mostly covered by insurance.

—The Brooklyn City Mills were destroyed by fire on Wednesday, the 19th inst. The total loss is estimated at \$250,000, on which there is an insurance of \$112,000.

—A portion of the machinery of the Baltimore city gas works exploded early on the 18th Oct. The building in which the explosion took place was torn to atoms—doors, windows, shutters, piles of brick, rubbish, tools, machinery, &c., being thrown and strewn in every direction. What remained of the building was almost completely destroyed by fire, caused by the burning gas. The loss is from \$50,000 to \$40,000, which the company lose themselves, being their own insurers.

—Two druggists of the city were lately arrested for selling poison contrary to the statute. In one case a young woman, named Miss Ellen Hanley, residing with her parents at No. 535 2d Avenue, sent a child to the drug-store of Dr. Christopher P. Skelton, to purchase six cents' worth of arsenic, on the pretence that it was wanted to kill rats. Neither the name nor residence of the child was taken by the doctor, as the law requires. Miss Hanley received the poison, swallowed it and died soon after from its effects. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death by suicide, and censured Dr. Skelton "for selling poison to a child contrary to law." He was held in \$1,000 to answer. The other case was not fatal, but owing to the druggist having sold hadumum without a label, instead of procuring a physician's prescription demanded, the life of a child was placed in jeopardy.

—The recent accident on the New Haven railroad is said to have been caused by rotten sleepers. The disaster occurred on a portion of the track within the precincts of New York, which is jointly used by the New Haven and Harlem railroads—just the spot where all ought to be secured.

—A new dodge has lately been adopted by thieves. A man dresses up as a woman and then commences his depredations. One lately, in Schenectady, disguised himself in a black silk dress, black jockey hat and white veil, and while thus sailing under these false colors garrotted one man, robbed another of his watch, and frightened a lady into fits.

—Bristenbecker, late a cashier of the Stevens Hotel, in an affray with his former employer, fired three shots at him, one of which took effect on a bystander. He was arrested, and is held to take his trial.

—Mrs. Arkhardt, who kidnapped a little boy, the adopted son of Mr. Seigrist, on the 7th of October, near the Academy of Music, was arrested at Washington and brought back to New York.

—A young woman in Jackson, Michigan, has been carrying on the recruiting business in an original and highly peculiar manner. She marries a man on condition that he will enlist and give her his bounty. She being strikingly handsome, the man consents. After he is gone she marries another. Four men has she thus wedded and sent to the army. On the fifth occasion she was detected.

**Foreign.**—Information has been received at Washington from Japan that our claims upon that Government are in a fair way of being satisfactorily settled. The Japanese Government showing an amicable disposition to that end.

—Accounts from Bermuda to the 3d inst. represent that the yellow fever is still bad. The blockade-runner steamer Will Rose arrived on the 3d inst. from Wilmington, with 716 bales of cotton. The Banshee sailed on the 30th ult. for Wilmington.

—The *Independence* of the 29th Sept. says that the Union frigate Niagara entered the port of Antwerp on the 28th ult., where she hoisted and saluted the Belgian flag. The salute was promptly returned by the forts. The Niagara is expected to remain in port three weeks taking in provisions. The public were about to visit this magnificent vessel.

—It is seriously proposed to open in London a club for fashionable bachelor clergymen, to be used also as a temporary home for clergymen visiting the metropolis.

—The London papers express the opinion that Muller will not be tried until November. The case will be submitted to the Grand Jury at the October term; the probability is that should a true bill be presented, the trial will go over to November.

—The Quebec Convention of Colonial Delegates are expected to agree upon the following form of Government for their proposed Provincial Confederation: The Governor-General and Members of the Upper House of Parliament are to be appointed by the British Crown; the Members of the Lower House are to be elected for five years; and Lieutenant-Governors of Provinces are to be appointed by the Governor-General of the Confederation.

—The Russian Government encourages marriage among its soldiers, provides the couple with a house, supports them, rears their children, but takes away all the boys at a tender age and sends them to military garrisons, there to be trained for the army. There are 500,000 of this kind of soldiers now in the Russian army.

—There were 67,500 different works published in London between the years 1833 and 1863. A condensed catalogue of the entire number has just been issued by an English bookseller.

**Art, Science and Literature.**—It is a remarkable and highly suggestive fact that, with the exception of Col. Hapins, who has proved his gallantry on many a desperate field, not one of the hundreds who have written patriotic odes, urging men to fight and die for their native land—not one of these, we repeat, has followed his own excellent and spirit-stirring advice. Boker writes odes to Sheridan, Trowbridge writes "Rally! Rally! Rally!" and Bayard Taylor, from his cosy parlor, urges men on to the fight. Parson's Tilton writes bloodthirsty articles, telling all his readers to rush into the thickest of the fight, but he sends a substitute to the war when he is drafted. Congress ought to pass a law compelling every warlike poetaster to read his inspiring verses as he leads the forlorn hope—it would recruit the ranks, and put an end to much bad poetry. Perhaps, however, they think it as absurd to follow their own advice as for a signpost to root itself up and follow its own direction.

—Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, the poet's wife, has just published a poem, written and composed by herself, called "The Alma River."

—So many popular French works are forbidden to be sold in France, that German booksellers in the towns on the frontiers make large fortunes by selling the forbidden volumes. One of the great favorites: "This work not allowed to be sold in France."

—The Prussian police have been actively engaged in ferreting out Madame Ludmilla Assing, who has been sentenced to two years imprisonment for her work, the "Memoirs of Varnhagen d'Enne." It is said she is

safe in Switzerland, and in that classic land of freedom, which has ever preferred liberty to empire, the recent examples of Teleki's and Arguelles's surrender are not precedents she need fear.

—The Benediction of Monte Cassino promise us a new edition of Dante, from a MS. of the 14th century, preserved in the library of the monastery.

—A recent traveler, or, more strictly speaking, pilgrim, gives an interesting account of the Lotos (the heroine of Goethe's "Werther") room, at Weimar, which has been taken under the protection of a society of the editors of the town, and saved from the indignities of becoming part of an orphan asylum. The Lotos in which Lotos's body lived is small, and much we soon find inconvenient for a large family. The walls are crossed, the windows small, the rooms low, the staircase wretched, and the whole look of the place shabby. "And yet," remarks the pilgrim, "from this house proceeded the spark that kindled a work of poetry which filled Germany with enthusiasm and Europe with admiration!" The ante-room in which Goethe found Lotos "sitting at a table," "seem changed; but the child room in the house is well kept; the old papering remains, and the old stove, and many objects belonging to the room were collected in the town, and replaced there by the patriotic citizens.

—A person advertised in all the papers that he had an infallible receipt to attain long life, which he was willing to communicate to anybody who would send him 25 cents in postage stamps. Everybody paid 50, and almost everybody of wealth sent him the required sum of money, and received in return his method of longevity: "Get yourself elected a member of the French Academy. All members attain greatness; for instance, M. Dupin is 83, M. Berryer is 76, M. Guizot is 75," &c.

**Chit-Chat.**—"If a traitor strikes down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" has become unto us a law of war and a law of honor. Says the Lord Dunsenry of Democratic politics: "Exhaust all the resources of statesmanship to persuade the individual to lift the American flag up again. But don't shoot."

—It is doubtful if evidence enough to convict Muller, the murderer, can be obtained in England, now the authorities have him there. But a firm which has secured the copyright of his photograph is making money by selling his photographs for a penny each.

—William McDermott, a newspaper carrier in New York, walked "fair heel and toe," 21 miles last week, over the Pacific Coast, in four hours and seven seconds, for a purse of \$100, which he lost by seven seconds. The crowd made it up by subscription.

—In describing the difference between aristocracy and democracy, it is wittily said of Cincinnatus: "The democracy are those who kill hogs for a living; the aristocracy those whose fat are killed hogs."

—Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free and easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days, at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of—, without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him, and so it turned out.

—A rebel paper says that no one but Early knows precisely where the main body of that General's army is. It is probable that they have joined three-quarters of the rebel army, who, according to Jeff. Davis, are absent without leave.

—The great "Bed of Ware," which Charles Dickens recently purchased, is said to have been built at the union of the houses of York and Lancaster. It is 12 feet square, the posts are of uncommon size, and are carved with red and white roses. The date, 1463, is painted on the headboard. This bedstead weighs half a ton, and 20 persons can repose on it comfortably.

—A rebel army correspondent says that Gen. Lee keeps a flock of fowls at his headquarters. One of them, a cock, is said to be a pet with the General, who has had him since the beginning of the war and carries him wherever he goes. The General loves fresh laid eggs, no doubt. Gen. Beauregard's pet is a fine white cow, which shares all his campaigns, and is a most indispensable companion, his health being so delicate that he can eat little else besides milk and bread.

—A letter has been received at Lawrence, Mass., addressed to the handsome young lady in the town, and the postmaster feels he is an awkward fix.

—Some lively young wags last Sunday placed the bill-boards of the theatre on either side of the church-doors of St. Paul's, Troy, just as the people were about going to divine worship. The indignation of the sexton was something terrible, when his attention was called to the fact.

—The manuscript of C. G. Leland on "The Origin of American Popular Phrases" was recently destroyed by a fire.

—"An armistice, eh?" said an officer with two crutches and one leg. "Certainly, I go for an armistice—after Richmond and Petersburg and Charleston have fallen, after Mobile and Wilmington are caps, after the last armed rebel has heeled up in the last rebel ditch. Oh, I love armistices; but I want them to come from the rebel side and not from our side."

—A friend "down East" writes to us on the advantage of being a Copperhead. He had recently sunk a well near his residence, and was at the bottom of it, engaged in walling up the sides, when a laborer dumped a load of stones near the well, and one of them, weighing about 14 pounds, fell into it, striking our friend on the head, and sending off the scalp in such a manner that it hung down over his face, doing no further injury. He firmly believes if he had not been a Copperhead he would have been instantly killed.

## **GUN COTTON.**

This substance has again been the subject of interesting experiments, which we find described in a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences by M. de Luca. Gun cotton is decomposed very slowly in the dark, somewhat faster in diffused light, very rapidly when exposed to the sun, and still more so when exposed to heat of about 50 degrees centigrade. This spontaneous decomposition passes through four different stages. At first it contracts slowly without losing its primitive form and texture, so that its volume becomes ten times less than its original one. A few days later it becomes soft, and is transformed into a sort ofummy matter which adheres strongly to the fingers, and has no longer any appearance of texture or organization whatever, even when viewed through the microscope. When this mass has become quite homogeneous, its volume is again reduced by one-half.

The third stage, which occurs some considerable time after, instead of producing any further contraction, causes an expansion; so that the substance, reduced as it is to one-tenth of its original volume, swells up to the full extent of the latter. In this state it is still gummy, but the mass is porous, and full of cavities like a sponge. During these three stages there is a constant evolution of odorous vapors, which become much more abundant during the third stage. This evolution of gas gradually diminishes during the fourth stage; the substance slowly loses its gummy quality and yellowish color, and becomes so friable as to admit of being crushed into powder between one's fingers; it then becomes as white as sugar.

It takes at least five months to see all these stages passed through. The gummy substance is very acid, nearly entirely soluble in water, and is composed of glucose, gummy substance, oxalic acid, a little formic acid, and another which M. de Luca thinks is new, and with which for the present he has obtained salts of lead and silver. The glucose contained in the last transformation, of gun cotton has the taste and even flavor of honey; it quickly reduces the tartrate of copper and potash, and ferments in contact with yeast; producing carbonic acid and alcohol. It appears, M. de Luca's experiments that gun cotton will keep indefinitely in vacuum.

## **THE TOMB OF PRESIDENT POLK.**

ONE of the most attractive houses in Nashville is the residence of the widow of President James K. Polk. It is a neat and commodious two-story brick, with an extensive front, located in the centre of the city, and having in front a large and tastefully laid out garden. In this garden, and immediately in front of the dwelling, is the tomb of President Polk. It is of plain design, with no unnecessary architectural display, but in its simplicity is sufficiently attractive to cause the passer-by to tarry a few moments and reverently gaze upon the stone beneath which rest the remains of a once honored and illustrious American. Upon the tomb itself are the following inscriptions. On the front:

The mortal remains  
of  
**JAMES KNOX POLE**  
are reposing in the vault beneath.  
He was born in Mecklenburg County,  
North Carolina,  
and emigrated with his father  
in 1836.  
The beauty of virtue  
was illustrated in his life.  
The excellence of Christianity  
was exemplified in his death.

On the north side:

His life was devoted to  
the public service. He was elevated successively to the first  
places in the State and Federal  
Governments; a Member of the  
General Assembly;  
a Member of Congress and  
Chairman of the most important  
Congressional Committees;  
Speaker of the House of  
Representatives;  
Governor of Tennessee and  
President of the  
United States.

On the south side:

By his public policy he defined,  
established and extended the  
boundaries of his country.  
He planted the laws of the  
American Union  
on the shores of the Pacific.  
His influence and his counsel  
extended to organize the  
National Treasury  
on the principles of the  
Constitution,  
and to apply the rule of  
Freedom to Navigation,  
Trade and  
Industry.

The west side has no inscription.

## **MONKEYS IN JAVA.**

The most common animals here are wild boars and monkeys, of which much is said. "Wild boars are as common as rabbits in a warren. Fat, burly-looking monsters spring out of the jungle before us, and crossed the road, apparently quite unconcerned at the appearance of strangers, though some of the smaller and more frisky ones scampered away grunting, probably with dissatisfaction at their privacy being intruded on. From the depths of the thicket, as it became more dense, issued sounds resembling a series of 'ohs!' uttered in a melancholy tone. On inquiry, we found that these sounds were made by the ape called uthah, some of which, before we reached our journey's end, we saw jumping from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, in a most agile manner. "A native gave me a curious version of his belief as to the origin of these monkeys. 'Their ancestor,' he said, 'was the son of a Malay king, who, although possessed of extraordinary power as a sovereign, had but this one child, of whom he was, therefore, very fond. One day, while at their morning meal, the prince vexed his father, who became so enraged that he snatched the ladle from the rice jar, or pot, and struck the young man on the forehead, exclaiming, as he did so, in a loud tone, 'May you be known by that mark, and your children after you, until the last day!' Inasmuch, like Epimetheus, the son of Japhet, the prince was trans-mutated into an ape, with a white mark on his brow. Thus disgraced, he left his home to roam with the beasts of the jungle, until the judgment day, when he will resume his former shape. 'What makes these creatures cry in that sad way,' continued the man, whose words I have translated, 'is that they pine to be re-converted to the society of man.'

"The skin of the uthah is black, as also is their coat, except their breast and stomach, which are covered with gray hair. On their forehead they have a white mark, like an arched patch, which is all the more conspicuous as the rest of the face is perfectly black."

## **SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DEFECT.**

Since the authorities have discovered that men who are drafted and sent for soldiers are yet to be made to serve their country as hospital nurses and various other capacities, I have deeply reflected upon the subject, and am at length enabled to submit the following suggestions, which the Government is at liberty to adopt or reject as it pleases:

It is a well-known fact that blind men have the sense of touch more fully developed than those who can see. Draft a few regiments of blind men who can feel the position and strength of the enemy. No explosions (guided on the ground that they "can't see it.")

Do not man and horse men might be drafted, together, the blind men to go into battle carrying the horse on their backs. "Call you that backing your friends?"—Shak.

Men who have lost one, or even both of their arms, should no longer be exempt. Government is prepared to arm any quantity of men on the shortest possible notice.

Idiot should not be debared the privilege of saving their country, in the ranks, when we have so many among our generals.

Draft all the lunatic asylums—the madder the men get, the better they fight.

Draft men ought to make the most servicable soldiers; as they cannot cry "quitter," their motto must be "no surrender."

It is absurd to exempt farm men, they are so well calculated to fill up the depleted ranks of the army. If you want to crush the enemy by precipitating upon them large bodies of troops, let them be drafted by all means.

Confirmed drunkards have been rejected because they are not so anxious to win the money as they are to have the money front. A large number of them armed with rifled whips and sustained by a battery of delirium tremens, would do great execution on some body.

I have not heretofore favored the idea of drafting the older men, but a brigade of old men would certainly be useful for repelling the enemy. They are sometimes good in an attack.

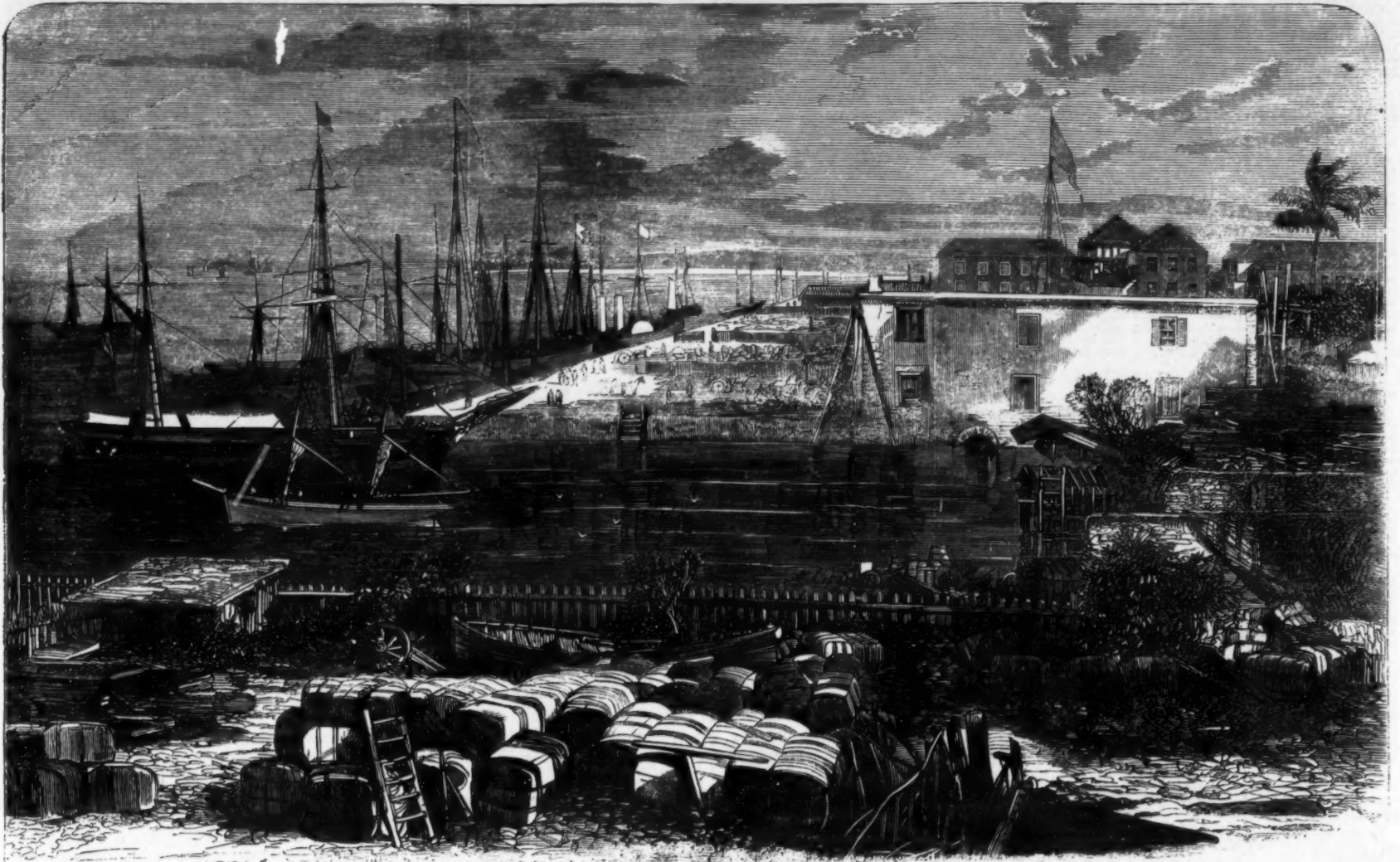
By all means draft Congress men. They might do a little good in the army, and they are at no possible good where they are.

Conscript all lawyers, their charges will be most disastrous to the enemy. (This is new.)

Why is the sun a quarrelsome fellow? Because he never shows himself without making a shiver; but then it is only done in the heat of the moment, and upon the least reflection the whole matter would be seen in a very different light.

CASPER IN THE AIR.—Chateaux d'Al.





THE WHARVES AT NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, WITH THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER FANNY DISCHARGING COTTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

## NASSAU, N. P.

NEW PROVIDENCE has figured several times in American history, and the annoyance which the group of islands to which it belongs has caused us in this war shows how unwise it has been to leave them in the hands of England.

New Providence lies near the centre of the group, and is an island 17 miles long, from east to west, and seven miles broad. It was colonized by the English in 1629, and has twice been captured by the Spaniards, who restored it at the peace of 1763.

Early in 1778 it was visited by Com. Esch Hopkins, with a squadron fitted out by Congress. Hopkins took the forts, with 80 pieces of artillery and a large quantity of ammunition and stores. No attempt was made, however, to hold the island.

Nassau is the capital of the island, and, indeed, of the Bahamas. It has a good harbor, with 12 or 15 feet of water. The town itself is built on a steep hill, but is well laid out, and has many handsome residences.

The climate of the island is mild and healthy, and it is rich in productions. During the present war Nassau has been notorious as a resort for rebel privateers and as the centre of the blockade-running, in which so many English merchants have made fortunes, and some, it is a consolation to see, have lost everything.

We this week publish an engraving of the wharves of that now busy port, with a celebrated blockade-runner, the Fanny (which, however, we believe has since been captured), discharging cotton at the public wharf. Two other blockade-running steamers are also shown, together with a new warehouse in course of erection. Till recently the trade was being pursued with as much vigor as ever, the local journals being filled with lists of arrivals and departures from and to the blockaded ports. At last, however, the trade had been nearly suspended, in consequence of the vessels engaged in it requiring repair, and from fever having broken out to a serious extent among the officers and crews of the blockade-runners, some of which had lost nearly half their complement of hands. This, and the heavy losses caused by captures, have for a time checked the efforts of the rebels and their friends.

## THE COUNTRY POST OFFICE.

AMONG the pleasant reminiscences of the great Sanitary Fair at New York, visitors to the Art Gallery have doubtless still preserved that of a statuette by J. Rogers, which we give in this day's paper. The little group is full of spirit and natural to the utmost degree. The cobbler, invested by the National Government with the charge of its mails in the important rural locality, has just received the bag, whose solid leather perhaps stimulated him to seek the post, and was a substantial argument in his favor. His fair companion (is she maid, wife or widow?) has seen the mail carrier on his way, and sped on the wings of love. "How tedious the old fellow is! How long it takes to open that bag! And then he must put on his glasses. Dear me! he knows that letter is for me—can't he spell out the name. I could read it a mile off. For mercy's sake, Mr. Jones, do give me that letter!"

## THE COL. LAMB,

Blockade-Runner, Built in the Mersey.

We give a sketch of a new steel steamer, the Col. Lamb, built in the Mersey to run the American blockade. She is remarkably fast, as experiment shows. A London paper says:

"On the 13th ult. an exciting race took place off the port of Liverpool between the paddle-wheel steambast Douglas, lately placed on the Isle of Man line, and the Colonel Lamb, a steel-built paddle-wheel steamship, from the yard of Messrs. Jones, Quiggin & Co., Sefton street, Liverpool, and the largest steel ship that has yet been built. The two vessels were moored abreast of each other at the Prince's Stage at about eleven o'clock in the morning. Great interest was felt in their competition. The Douglas had proved herself one of the fastest boats built in the Mersey; the Colonel Lamb was a new boat which had never been tried at sea, built of steel, and was supposed to be much more fragile than an iron vessel, whilst her great steam power was considered likely to shake a few of her rivets.

"The result, however, has proved that the Colonel Lamb is a splendid seaboat; she was as stiff as could be desired, and there was an entire absence of the vibration that is frequently found in boats of her size and power. Her length is 281½ feet; beam, 36 feet; depth of hold, 15 feet 6 inches; and tonnage, 1788 o. m. She will carry 2,500 bales of cotton, and sufficient coals for five days, with a draught of 8 feet 9 inches. She left the Prince's Stage about a quarter to twelve o'clock, under the command of Capt. Lockwood, and when outside the Rock, lay to until 12.38, when the Douglas came up to her. "Full speed ahead!" was the order given on board the Colonel Lamb, and the race continued for two hours and thirty-eight minutes, during which time the Colonel Lamb gained on the Douglas about four miles.

"The engines of the Colonel Lamb are by Messrs. James Jack & Co., of the Victoria Engine Works, Liverpool; they are a pair of oscillating engines, of 350 horse power, and have surface condensers. The paddle-wheels are on the feathering principle, of 25 feet diameter. By log the ship ran 16½ knots, or about 19 miles an hour, against a head wind and a heavy sea. The builders of the Colonel Lamb have launched during the present year two sailing ships and six steamers of steel, and one sailing ship and two steamers of iron, being 11 vessels, of an aggregate measurement of 9,900 tons; and have now on the stocks nine paddle steamers of steel and one iron screw, the aggregate burden of which is about 10,200 tons, besides one composite ship of 1,900 tons burden."

## BAGGAGE TRAIN IN A STORM.

GEN. SHERMAN, after the capture of Atlanta, prepared for the next move of his antagonist. That this was to be a crushing blow Jeff Davis announced. Hood suddenly moved north, assailing Sherman's lines of communication; but he was repulsed at important points, and being followed closely by Sherman, retreated southward. The mountain region is again the scene of operations just as winter is approaching. The immense labor and fatigue attendant on operations in that district may be conceived by the sketch presented this week of a baggage train crossing the mountains in a storm. The fearful road over rocks and cliffs, the storms, the constant fear of surprise by the enemy, where escape and defence are alike impossible, give to the life of the army trains in this department all the perils of romance.

GRANT'S NEW POSITION,  
Near the Southside Railroad.

GRANT pushes on steadily to isolate Lee, by destroying his railroad communications. The Weldon road is already gone, and the South side is one which Lee must hold at all hazards. But Grant comes on inexorable as fate. We give a view of his new position, near this important road, sketched from our cavalry picket, and of course looking back, a kind of view, we are happy to say, we seldom give, as our Artists, like our gallant soldiers, have always their face to the foe.

## LIGHTHOUSE AT FORT MORGAN.

We give in this paper a fine view of the lighthouse on the north-west corner of Fort Morgan. Our readers do not at this day need any detailed account of Farragut's gallant passage of the fort, and yet some of our enterprising dailies seem to require a new study of the event. Nor need we stop to narrate how Farragut and Granger, after a bombardment of 24 hours, compelled Fort Morgan to surrender at 20 minutes to seven A.M. on Tuesday, August 23, 1864. What that bombardment was our sketch, from a splendid photograph, shows. You can count the bricks and estimate the state of the edifice. Over 1,000 shells exploded in the fort, and it will require \$200,000 to put the fort in fighting trim. The lighthouse was pierced and scaled in a dozen places, and seems ready to totter and fall before the slightest breeze. The rebels had a lookout on top till every pane of glass was pierced by the balls of our sharpshooters.

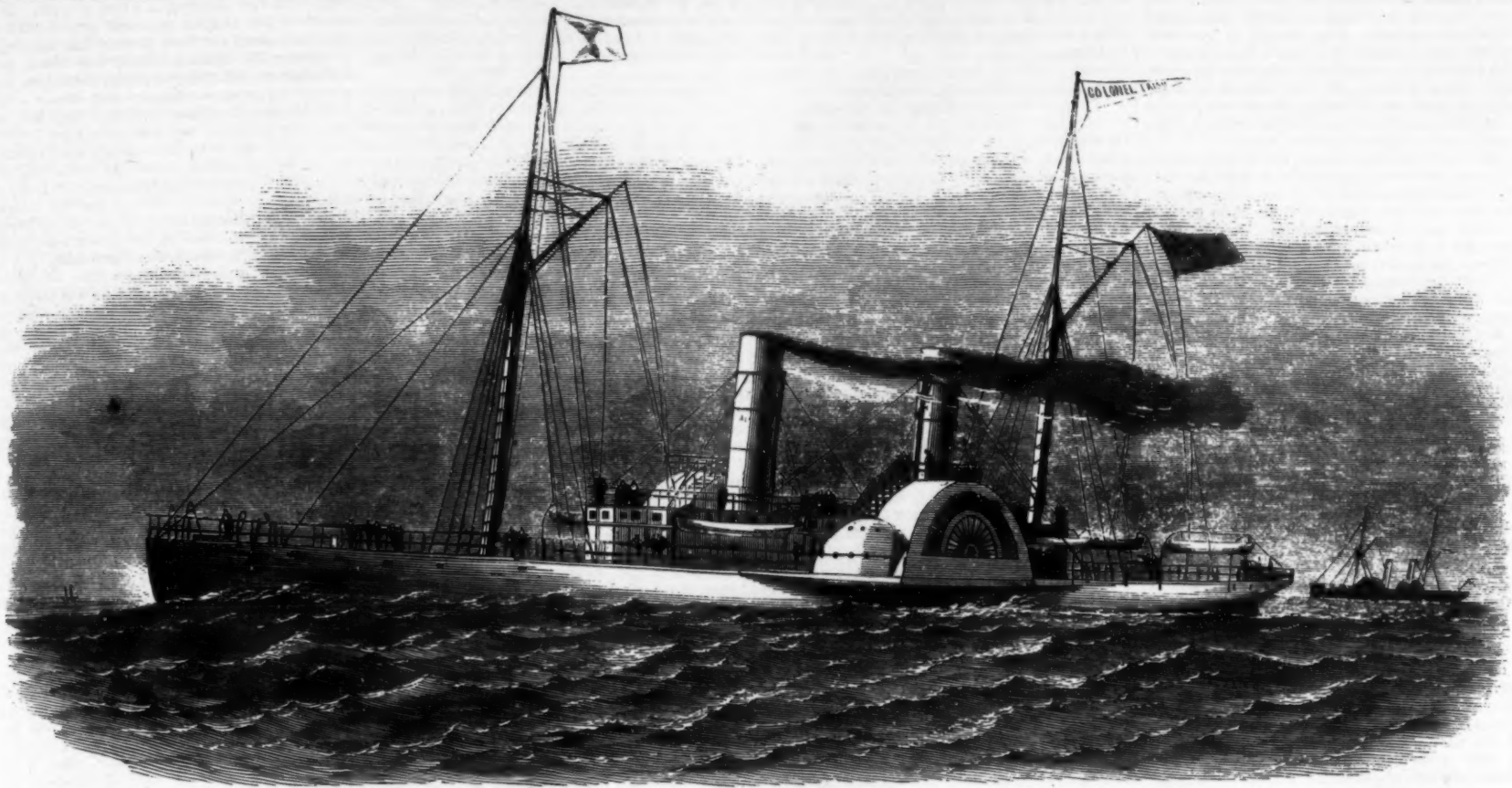
A MONKEY SURGEON.—We vouch for nothing of the following from Cassell's "Popular Natural History," except the story, which is a pretty good one: "The smallpox having spread fearfully amongst the monkeys of South America, Dr. Pinckard, Secretary to the Bloomsbury street Vaccination Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was, of course, to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduction was entirely ingenious. He bound two or three boys hand and foot and then vaccinated them in the presence of an old monkey, who was observed to be closely attentive to the proceedings. He then left him alone with a young monkey, with some of the matter on the table, and beside it a lancet, guarded, that it might not cut too deep, by a projecting piece of steel. The doctor witnessed the result from a neighboring room; the old monkey threw the young one down, bound him without delay, and vaccinated him with all the skill of a professor."

ESCULENT NESTS.—Dr. Calvert, of London, in a recent lecture on "Chemistry applied to the Arts," says these curious gelatinous products are not only considered great delicacies in China and India, but even in Europe, where they realise from \$15 to \$25 per pound. It has long been considered a disputed question what is the chemical nature of the substances composing these nests, which are the product of a peculiar kind of swallow; but Mr. Payne, in his recent researches, has left no doubt in the minds of chemists that it is animal, not vegetable matter. In fact, it is a peculiar mucous substance secreted by the bird, and composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and sulphur. Further, it is insoluble in cold water, but soluble in boiling, and differs from gelatine and isinglass in that it does not gelatinize as it cools.



THE COUNTRY POST OFFICE.—FROM A STATUETTE BY J. ROGERS.





THE REBEL BLOCKADE-RUNNER COLONEL LAMB, RECENTLY BUILT AT LIVERPOOL.—FROM A SKETCH BY WM. WOODS.

## OUR CASTLE.

BY CATHARINE EARNSHAW.

In perfumed air of orient climes,  
In sunlight of serenest gold,  
Which, flickering through our arch'd limes,  
Flecks yellow on that verdant mould—  
Beneath these royal, purple skies,  
Here shall our castle's turrets rise.



Its battlemented walls shall gleam  
With crimson glows and fairy lights,  
And through its mullioned glass shall stream  
The starlight of enchanted nights;  
While soft the scented airs shall blow,  
And hours that come shall never go.

In gardens with our languid blooms  
The fireflies keep their revel dance—  
And darting through the dewy glooms  
Their elfin torches glance;  
And in this odorous dusk we roam  
Queens regnant of our castle home.

Such roses never bloomed before  
As bloom and kiss our castle walls,  
The airs that sighed in days of yore  
Breathe sweeter through our fountained halls;  
'Neath magic skies, in magic lands,  
Our charmed Spanish castle stands.

With scarlet lips, the dying day  
Breathes splendor o'er our rampart heights—  
The bul-bul's long, melodious lay  
Pours sweetness through the Eden nights;  
Through starry-bloomed pomegranate trees  
Flows sweet the dreamful evening breeze.

Afar, the sea in violet flush  
Lies dreaming to the listening night—  
And we in this entrancing hush  
Quaff all we dream of dear delight—  
A lonely life 'neath Southern skies,  
The books we love—each other's eyes.

For you and I alone, my friend,  
Our castle's turrets stand;  
For us those days that never end  
Bring bliss to our Elysian land—  
Imperial hours of pleasures rare,  
For love and you and I are there.

## Wreck of the Sylph.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

LONG will be remembered the 14th day of June, 1850, by the inhabitants of Buffalo and Niagara Falls and their respective neighborhoods, as well as by the numerous visitors congregated at the latter place on that occasion.

The ill-fated steamer Sylph, which was then plying between Buffalo and Chippewa, left the former port on the morning of that eventful day, with some one hundred passengers, besides the officers and crew of the boat, on her regular trip to Chippewa, situated at the head of the rapids above the Falls of Niagara.

As the majority of the passengers were persons who were travelling for pleasure, and, as the scenery on the Niagara river is very beautiful and in some places quite romantic, in addition to the interest with which several spots are invested from the historical associations with which they are connected, the time passed very pleasantly.

All was gaiety and hilarity on board, when,

just opposite Chippewa, as the boat was rounding to, preparatory to landing, and, when about the centre of the stream, something gave way about the machinery and her engine stopped working. As the wind was blowing pretty strongly down stream at the time, it seemed almost impossible that they should be able to steer her into shore before she struck the rapids, which, having reached, no human power could save them from going over the Falls.

Every effort, however, was made that men in such circumstances could make to avert such a catastrophe. Nearer and nearer they approach the point, where the waters, dashing precipitately down the shelving bed of the stream, roaring and surging and chafing among the huge rocks, with which it is covered, fret themselves into a foam, long before taking their final leap over the precipice.

What a change a few moments had wrought in the feelings and actions of those on board that ill-starred vessel. From joy and innocent gaiety, accompanied by frequent bursts of laughter at some sally of wit, jest or lively repartee, all was now consternation and dismay.



AWFUL SITUATION OF THE STEAMER AT THE FALLS.

While the captain and crew, together with those of the passengers whose presence of mind prompted them to volunteer their assistance, did everything that men could do or their ingenuity devise, the balance, terror-stricken, watched their every motion in breathless suspense. They had already succeeded, by extraordinary exertions, in reducing the distance to the shore nearly one-half, when the wind suddenly ceased blowing. They now gained the shore rapidly, and their hopes began to revive, as the boat approached almost

near enough for a person to have jumped on shore, when the wind as suddenly broke upon them with redoubled fury, and, in spite of all their exertions, the boat was driving from the shore more rapidly than a moment before she had been approaching it.

And now hope died in the bosoms of all on board; and when, a moment after, the boat struck the rapids, yielding themselves up to despair they involuntarily, as it were, and with one accord,



THE LIFEBOAT.

sunk to their knees, as the most befitting attitude in which to meet their Maker, towards whose presence they were hurrying with such terrific velocity.

What an awfully sublime spectacle! More than one hundred human beings in the attitude of prayer, with eyes uplifted; some frantically beseeching their Maker to save them from the impending destruction, while others were supplicating the throne of heavenly grace for mercy, and praying to their Saviour to intercede for them; borne away, as they were, with resistless energy and fearful rapidity towards the verge of that mighty cataract, by whose side the most stupendous works of man dwindle into insignificance, and man himself, proud man, feels that he is but an atom, an evanescent scintillation, as it were, and, from the abyss of whose vexed and boiling waters no living thing has ever returned to life, that has dared or endured the fearful leap.

Nearer and nearer they approach; the vessel gliding along with the swiftness of the winged arrow and tossed about on the bosom of the raging stream, like an atom of foam, created from its own fretting, but with infinitely more ease, apparently, than the giant reeds the gossamer web that obstructs his pathway.

They are now on the very brink. The roaring waters beneath are yawning to receive them. A piercing shriek goes up that rises above the roar of the mighty cataract itself. A crash is heard; a shock is felt; and all is silent, save the roar of the mighty torrent that is surging and breaking around them.

Surprised at the momentary respite, some of the bolder spring to their feet to ascertain the cause, when a cry of joy bursts from their lips, which rouses the rest from the state of almost suspended animation into which they had fallen, and restored them once more to consciousness. A



more careful examination of their situation, however, was not calculated to inspire them with a high degree of hope. They seemed to have been spared from instant destruction to be subjected to the tortures of a lingering death, with the prospect, every moment, of being dashed to atoms and swallowed up within the remorseless jaws of that yawning vortex that seemed to be raging and roaring beneath their feet for its prey.

The boat had lodged on a projecting rock, on the very brink of the precipice, and so far from the shore that any attempt at communication for the purpose of rescuing them from their perilous position seemed utterly hopeless. And besides, from the tremendous force with which the raging waters beat against the boat, which now obstructed their free passage, it seemed impossible that she could hold together longer than a very few hours at furthest.

And now the scene on shore beggars description. The news that a vessel had gone over the rapids and lodged on the edge of the Falls, with a large number of persons on board, spread like wildfire, and men, women and children were seen hurrying towards the Falls on both sides of the river and from every direction.

The news having been telegraphed to Buffalo, the friends of many of those on board the vessel were soon added to the number of the hundreds, if not thousands, who had already assembled to witness the tragic scene; and, on the arrival of the cars from Buffalo, the largest train by far that had ever passed over the road since it had been built, and all crammed to suffocation, several hundred more were added to the throng.

All was consternation and dismay. The agonizing shrieks of those on board the boat, which rose above the roar of the maddened waters, and their frantic gesticulations, which could plainly be seen through the surrounding spray, which vainly strove to conceal them from view, and by which they were constantly drenched to the skin, imporing those on shore to come to their rescue, almost paralyzed them with despair instead of invigorating them with hope and stimulating their exertions.

A thousand plans for their rescue were suggested, discussed and abandoned, either as impracticable, as requiring too great a length of time, or as involving an additional risk of life, without any adequate prospect of success. Large sums were offered to any one who would either save them himself or suggest a practicable plan by which they might be saved by others, but all in vain.

Several hours had now elapsed and both sides had almost entirely despaired, the one of saving and the other of being saved, when a small steamer was seen coming down the river with the speed of the wind. Landing just above the head of the rapids, in an incredibly short space of time a small boat was launched from her bows, which boat a number of men from the steamer took in tow, and started with it down the rapids towards the Falls. These movements attracting the attention of the crowd about the Falls, who, knowing it to be some plan of rescue, and having abandoned all their own, the vast throng on the Canada shore now made a simultaneous movement to meet them.

And now, while the people are all wondering at the late arrival and hastening to meet the men with the boat, we will proceed to Buffalo, from whence the vessel came, for the purpose of giving a brief history of the causes that led to this new movement.

Charles Walker, a young lawyer from Detroit, formerly a midshipman in the navy, was sitting in the front of the Phelps House quietly smoking a cigar, and as quietly looking under the bonnets of all the pretty women that passed, when a very small boy, with a tremendous pair of lungs, came tearing down street, bawling at the top of his voice:

"Extra Commercial—got the particulars of the Sylph going over the Falls—all the names of the passengers on board. Cent apiece—buy one, sir?"

As curiosity was sensitively alive on the subject, Charles, of course, invested a copper, and, as he had heard before all the particulars about her going down the rapids, lodging at the edge of the Falls, position, &c., he immediately directed his attention to the names. In going over the list he met with the names of several persons of his acquaintance, but as he looked upon death as the common lot of all, and as he was constantly in the habit of meeting with the names of his acquaintances in the newspapers, who had paid the debt of nature, and as he regarded the names before him as he would a list of killed and wounded in a battle, or as victims to some malignant epidemic, the only feeling he experienced was one of regret at the sudden manner in which they had been called from time to eternity. For although he had no assurance that any of them were actually dead or even dying, still believing their death to be inevitable, sooner or later, and classing the idea of their being rescued among the impossibilities, he experienced the same emotions in reading over the names that he would have done if they were actually dead. He had proceeded about two-thirds of the way through the list when his eye rested upon a name, at the sight of which all his unconcern and philosophical indifference vanished in a moment.

"What!" he exclaimed, letting the paper drop from his hands, as a slight tremor convulsed his manly frame, "Kate Drummond on board!" and then for a moment brightening up, he continued: "Oh, no! that can't be, for it's only two days since I left her in New York, where it is her intention to remain during the summer, visiting Saratoga, Newport and the other fashionable watering-places in reach, and returning home by way of the Falls sometime in August or September. I suppose there are more Kate Drummonds in the world than one, and this Kate Drummond is one of the other ones. Well, I feel some interest in her on account of her name, anyhow, and if it was in my power I'd save her just for that. But

as it is, I'm afraid she's a gone Kate, and if there's any poor devil as high crazy about her as a certain chap I could name is about a certain other Kate Drummond, I think, from the sensations I experienced just now, I can appreciate his feelings when he hears of the sad catastrophe.

"I'm glad it wasn't my Kate at all events." "My Kate! That sounds mighty pretty, and it's all well enough to talk about my Kate, but old Drummond, that flinty-hearted old father of hers, seems determined that it shall be long enough before the consummation of the ceremony that shall render the two words *my* and *Kate* entirely applicable, when issuing from the two lips of Charles Walker, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, &c. He seems bent on forcing a match, if it can't be brought about by gentler means, between Kate and that old blinky-eyed Hodge, and all because he's rich. Yes, there lies the secret; he's rich, but then he's old and as ugly as sin, while I'm as poor as Job's turkey, young and decidedly good-looking.

"And there's the names, too. Hodge. Now that's a pretty name to tie to, ain't it? Just to think of hearing Kate called Mrs. Hodge. It would be like putting a satin founce to a bit of calico or binding a rag carpet with gold lace. Preposterous! Walker, now that sounds something like. There's something melodious and poetical about that, and how delightful Mrs. Walker would sound! almost equal to the music of the spheres.

"And there's our fathers too!" "I'm willing to compare pedigrees with him, as to age, fortune, beauty and name. His father lived like a hog to leave him, wallowing in wealth, to lead a life of luxurious profligacy and to drag out a wretched existence of gout and emut, and now, at a time of life when he should be thinking about his grave, to hunt up the handsomest, most accomplished and amiable girl in the whole country; and then, after managing to get her father under his thumb by lending him money at a low rate of interest to speculate on, and taking deeds of trust on his property, and then cheating him out of the very money he had loaned him, through his agents, pretending at the same time to be his best friend, to insist that she should be sacrificed on the altar of his lustful passions. Talk about love existing between them! I'll venture to say he hasn't experienced the sensation these twenty years. And, as to Kate, although she's as full of love as Venus herself, she'd as soon think of loving old Nick as that bloated, hoary-headed old sinner. Old Drummond's a fool, if he is Kate's father; and if he wasn't her father, I'd say he was a brute for entertaining the idea even of such a match, much more for threatening to use coercive measures, as he has done, knowing as he does that Kate regards him with utter loathing and detestation. Yet he insists on the sacrifice, trying to persuade her that she can't help liking Hodge, he's so much of a gentleman, so kind, so amiable, and all that, and, what is better than all, so rich!

"On the contrary, my father lived like a prince, and left me perfectly willing to follow his glorious example, but, unfortunately, destitute of the means of doing so. However, the want of means doesn't trouble my mind much, as I've the wit and the will to scuffle my way through life with the best of them; and, if old Drummond don't keep his eye skinned mighty sharp I'll outwit him and old Hodge yet, as sly as the secret is kept, and marry Kate in spite of them.

"I love Kate, and she knows it, and Kate loves me, and she knows that I know it—and, more than that, she doesn't care who does know it—for she's proud of me, as I'm sure any woman might well be. Ahem!

"Yes, and I'm proud of her, too, and it needn't surprise old Drummond a bit if he should happen to wake up some fine morning and find his daughter among the missing, the willing, loving, lovely and adored spouse of Charley Walker, the poor lawyer; for although she positively refuses to marry contrary to her father's wishes, I have too much confidence in her spirit and strength of character to believe she can ever be forced to marry contrary to her own. And in the event of her father attempting coercive measures, as I have reasons for believing he designs on her return home, I think I shall persuade her to consent to an elopement; and, then, won't I be the happiest man out of jail! Well, the wedding-day is over, at least the wind work of it, and I hope old Drummond will soon become reconciled to the match, and not disposed to a protracted lamentation over his spilled milk. So now let's see who are the balance of those unfortunate people on board that boat. God help the poor creatures! I wish I could, but as I know I can't, it's no use trying or crying either. What awful sensations they must experience! I wouldn't be where they are a minute for all old Hodge is worth and his chance of marrying Kate in the bargain, if he has got her father on his side.

"Let's see, how far down had I got? Ah, yes! Kate Drummond, of Detroit. Of Detroit? Why, that's where Kate—my Kate lives, and I never heard of any other Drummonds living there. Oh, horrible! If it should be Kate! Let's see who are the rest: George Smith, of Milwaukee; Wm. Johnson, of Philadelphia; William Miller, of Illinois; Col. George Drummond, of Detroit."

"Col. George Drummond, of Detroit!" he repeated. "That's Kate's father. It is she! It is she! And now she's lost—lost—lost! Oh, my God! what shall I do?" he exclaimed.

And now the apparently thoughtless and light-headed young man rested his head upon his hands and gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears.

After remaining in this position for perhaps two minutes, he suddenly rose from his seat. His countenance brightened, and dashing the tears from his eyes, he exclaimed:

"I'll save her, or perish in the attempt!" Then, jumping on a cab that stood near, he jerked the lines and whip from the driver's hands, very much to that individual's consternation, who thought him a madman, and, laying whip to the

horses, drove, Jehu-like, down to the wharf. There he soon succeeded in procuring a small lifeboat and several hundred feet of strong cable, and then chartering a swift-running steamer, he put them on board of her, and left for the Falls.

This was the reinforcement that had attracted the attention of the crowd at the Falls, as before noticed. Having towed the small boat to a point some two or three hundred yards above the Falls, he fastened the cable to her bow, and the crowd having met him some distance above, he explained to them his plan of operations, which was as follows:

Floata being fastened to the cable every few feet, to keep it on the surface, a sufficient number of those on shore were to take hold of the cable, while he got into the boat to steer it, and then they were to let out the rope gradually until he reached the stranded vessel. So confident did he seem of success that he inspired the others with a like confidence, and they joined in with alacrity, rendering him every assistance in their power. Having got everything in readiness and explained the signals he should make, when to pay out rope, when to stop, and when to haul in, he embarked on his perilous but noble enterprise.

In the meantime those on board the Sylph were not indifferent spectators to what was done on shore. From the time the vessel struck and they found themselves alive, but their lives suspended as it were by a single hair, they had been watching, with breathless anxiety, for some effort in their behalf, not, however, with any very high hopes of its success, if undertaken. But, until now, they had seen nothing that looked like an attempt to rescue them.

Col. Drummond, from the time the boat struck the rapids, had been in a state bordering on insanity, at one moment praying most vehemently, and the next upbraiding Kate for being the cause of all his troubles and of their being where they were, at the same time charging her with ingratitude for the pains he had taken with her, and telling her that if she had married Hodge, as he wanted her, they would all have been at home happy, instead of being on the brink of eternity, and it might be of perdition, and then he would commence praying furiously.

Kate, who was by far the calmest one on the boat, did all in her power to pacify her father, but at the name of Hodge she could not forbear expressing her detestation for the man, and declaring that she had rather go over the Falls that very moment, and be dashed into a thousand fragments, than marry him. It was this constant idea of Hodge that was kept presented to her mind by the incoherent ravings of her father, with a knowledge of the fact that, from some cause or other, her father had hurried on after her some two months earlier than she had expected, and was taking her home for the avowed purpose of hurrying on a marriage with that odious creature, together with an abiding faith in her Maker, that made her look on death with so much indifference. Indeed, so revolting was the idea, that she felt if, in the event of their being saved, it was to be her fate to be united to a being upon whom she looked with loathing and disgust, that it would be infinitely better, the Almighty being willing, that her existence should terminate then and there.

But when the frenzy of her father would subside and grant her a short respite, her thoughts would instantly centre on a certain other individual, and then she would desire to live. It was in one of these lucid intervals that her attention was arrested by an exclamation and directed to the little craft that had just been launched upon the troubled waters, and oh, how she hoped it might succeed in reaching and saving them.

She had been watching the tiny thing dancing upon the water for some moments with breathless interest, and admiring the skill of the daring pilot who, perilling his life in their behalf, was directing its course towards them, slowly but surely, when all at once she thought she recognised in him the one who, of all the world, she had rather see.

"What!" she exclaimed, "can it be he? Can it be Charles?"

Just at that moment the spray driving somewhat so as to give her a better view.

"It is he! It is he!" she continued, and then, rushing to her father, "Father," she cried, "it's Charles! Oh, father, it's Charles Walker that's coming to save us!"

"Charles—the devil!" says the old man. "It seems that you can think of nothing but Charles Walker. You'd better be thinking about dying. Here I've been praying for the last thousand years and—"

"Oh, no, father—not a thousand years; we haven't been on here a whole day yet."

"Don't interrupt me; you don't know what you're talking about. It seems like it's been a million, and I've been praying the whole time and you've been doing nothing but chatter about Charles Walker. Oh, that infernal scamp! It's you and he that have been the cause of all my sorrows, and now, after bringing a fond and doting father to an untimely end, you can have the heartlessness to exult over his wretchedness and embitter his dying moments by talking to him about your partner in iniquity, who has the audacity to be following you about all over the country, and you the ingratitude to permit it, contrary to my orders."

"Indeed, father, as to his following me, I can't possibly conceive how I am to prevent it, this being a free country, and civil people allowed to go pretty much where they please. As to my doing nothing but talk about him, it is the first time I've mentioned his name since we left New York. But," she continued, "indeed, father, Charles is coming in a little boat and he'll soon be here; and if he should succeed in saving us, you may consider yourself indebted to me for your rescue quite as much as for your fright, as it is I that's bringing him, I'm confident of that."

"Oh, yes, it's you that's bringing him—I know that to my sorrow! I would like to know where—wouldn't follow you to? It was to keep you

away from each other that I took you away from school at Philadelphia and sent you to Buffalo. The next news I got from Buffalo this seemingly ubiquitous Mr. Charles Walker was there, promiscuously around with you swung to his arm, contrary to my positive orders. You couldn't help that, neither, I suppose. Well, I sent and had you brought home, and two days after I was in town, and, going down Main street, what should I see but a piece of iron tacked up by the side of a door, with 'Charles Walker, Attorney-at-Law,' on it in large gilt letters! Well, I put up with his impudent familiarity and your stolen interviews as long as I could stand it, and at last determined to send you to New York, never dreaming that he, a poor lawyer, with little practice, would presume to follow you there, indeed doubting his ability to do so. I say I determined to send you to New York and let you spend the summer, and when you came home in the fall to insist on your marrying Hodge immediately, and settling down a happy wife. So, as Stringer was going after goods, I got him to take charge of you, and take you to New York to your aunt's. When Stringer came back, I was inquiring of him when he saw you last and how you seemed to be enjoying yourself, when he answered that he saw you the night before he left the city, at the opera, in company with Charles Walker! that you seemed to be enjoying yourself very much indeed; that he had never seen you looking better in his life; and, indeed, he said you were the best-looking couple he saw there, and seemed to be enjoying yourselves full as well as any, and, if anything, a little better.

"What, says I, as soon as I could get in a word, is Charles Walker in New York?"

"Oh yes, says he, he's been there a week." As it happened, Charles having business in New York, he left Detroit a week before Kate, perfectly ignorant of the old man's intentions of sending her there, and was taken with a very agreeable surprise on receiving a note the evening of her arrival informing him of her whereabouts. But of this the old gentleman was profoundly ignorant, supposing until informed to the contrary by strangers that he was still in Detroit, though Kate was rather more enlightened on the subject and at the time her father was sending her off under Stringer's care to keep her out of Charles's way, she was laughing in her sleeve at the pains he was so unwittingly taking to throw them together.

"I asked him then," continued the old man, "if he left him in New York."

"Oh yes, was the reply; he intends staying there all summer."

"I then made up my mind that I'd go after you and bring you home, when you should marry Hodge right away, and thus put a stop to all these wild-goose chases. I went and had got as far as Buffalo, when nothing would do but you must take a trip down the river to the Falls, and here we are. I guess you've got your satisfaction of the Falls for one while. I know I have, and if I should be lucky enough to get away from here, I pledge myself never to come voluntarily within a hundred miles of them again. But as I was saying, here we are where I didn't suppose any man in the world was bold enough or rather crazy enough to venture, when here comes that everlasting Charles Walker, following right after you as usual. He seems to be ubiquitous. I'd like to know where he wouldn't follow you."

"Such being the case, father, you had better give your consent for us to marry, provided he succeeds in saving our lives, which I am sure he will do; and then we'll cease to annoy you with our wild-goose chases, as you call them; he'll no longer follow me, but I him, as my rightful leader, and then what a happy family we will be. Come now, father, what do you say? Here, standing upon the very brink of eternity as it were, not knowing what moment we may be swept off, do you renounce your objections to Charles Walker, or do you still insist, in the event of our being saved, on my marrying that detestable Hodge?"

"Do as you please, child, I've done my duty in trying in every way I knew to keep you from marrying that young upstart of a lawyer; but as you seem determined on throwing yourself away by marrying him, do so, I shall make no further objections."

"Oh, thanks, dear father, a thousand thanks," exclaimed Kate, clasping her father in her arms, and covering his face with kisses. "I know when you become better acquainted with Charles you'll love him—you can't help it. But while we've been talking, Charles has reached us in safety, thank heaven!" And sure enough there was his boat by the side of theirs, which, having secured, he sprang lightly to the deck of the steamer, and the next moment he and Kate were in each other's arms, and he was smothering her with kisses. As soon as she could get to speak, she told him that her father had yielded up his objections to their marriage.

"Yes," says the old man, taking hold of his daughter's hand and placing it in Charles's, "here take her, and make much of her. I've done all I could to prevent it; so you needn't stop to thank me; but as you're captain of that craft that lays alongside of us, and as I feel very uncomfortable here, suppose we make a trade. I give you Kate, and you give me a passage to the shore."

"Agreed!" and clasping his arms around the old man, he swung him over the edge of the steamer and deposited him in his own little craft. Then serving Kate in the same manner, he placed her by the side of her father. In the same moment he filled it to its utmost capacity with women from off the Sylph, and had leapt in himself and cast loose before the balance on board were aware of what he was about, so rapid were his movements.

And now a wall went up from those left on the steamer, begging in most piteous terms not to be abandoned to their fate! But on being assured that it was impossible to take any more on board at that time, and that the boat should immediately return, they ceased their lamentations and resigned themselves calmly to whatever fate Providence might have in store for them.



The signal having been given, the boat began to move slowly up the stream and towards the which they soon reached in safety; and persons volunteering to take charge of the boat and see that the balance of the passengers were brought ashore, Charles and Kate, accompanied by Kate's father, jumped on board the steaming which had brought Charles to the scene of action, and returned rejoicing to Buffalo.

In the course of a couple of hours from the time they left the last person on board the Sylph had left her to her fate, and reached the shore amid the congratulations of their friends, and in a half hour more she was floating in a million fragments below the Falls.

That evening a small party, consisting of a few of the most intimate friends of the parties, were assembled together in the parlor of the Phelps House for the purpose of witnessing the consummation of the bargain, entered into on board the steamer Sylph, between Colonel Drummond on the one part, and Charles Walker on the other, when and where Kate Drummond became the happy bride of her dear Charles, and Charles himself, as he had anticipated, the happiest man out of jail.

The old colonel also, his wife having once more resumed their legitimate functions, was so happy at realizing the fact that he was actually once more on terra-firma, that he not only forgave Charles and Kate for the trouble they had given him, but was unable to find words to express his gratitude to the former for so nobly perilling his own life to save theirs.

"You've won her, my boy," said he, "and nobly won her too. Fortune favors the bold. You're worthy of each other, and I'm proud of you both. I see now, and confess it with shame, that I was a fool in wanting to sacrifice such a jewel as Kate on the altar of Mammon, though in fact I was so infatuated that I never looked upon it before in the light of a sacrifice, and I thank God that my steps were arrested before the unhallowed deed was consummated; though from what I've seen of you, Charley, I have my doubts whether the sacrifice would ever have been made even if this accident had not have happened, as I'm pretty well convinced that you and Kate would have out-generated us in the end. However, that's all over with now, thank fortune, and may all your anticipations of happiness be more than realized. So good-night, and God bless you both."

The next morning they left for home on one of the magnificent lake steamers, where they arrived without further accident. On reaching home they learned that Hodge had died very suddenly a few days before, leaving all his property to Kate, to dispose of as she might think proper, which she immediately did by delivering the papers into the hands of her husband.

Through courtesy, and by way of showing their respect for the memory of the lamented defunct, they went into mourning, but then the parties and merry makings, of which they were the life and soul for some weeks thereafter, were suggestive of anything rather than sorrow, they seeming to bear the melancholy indiction with a most astonishing degree of resignation.

#### AMONG THE SHEAVES.

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,  
An empty heart, I walk forlorn;  
How sadly sign the alder leaves—  
I loathe those fields of mellow corn!

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,  
My heart is full, new hopes are born;  
My heart is faint—for Hope deceives;  
My passion may be met by scorn!

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,  
My Love is won! No more forlorn,  
How sweet the whispering alder leaves—  
I bless those fields of mellow corn!

#### THAT MARTHA.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"For my part," said Mrs. Maltby, as our party came out of the theatre one night after witnessing the cruel fate of that ill-wed female, Desdemona, "for my part I've always pitied Othello, poor man! You see I was jealous myself once, and know what it must be."

Jealous of such a man as Mr. Maltby—that couldn't be, so we declared, but the little woman insisted on the truth of her assertion, and whispered as we went back in the carriage with the gentlemen out of hearing in front, "If you'll promise never to tell any one you shall hear all about it?" What daughter of Eve could resist such an inducement. The promise was given and out came the story:

I can't hear the name of Martha even yet without having my blood boil in the silliest way. And when my cheeks are at the reddest, and my heart beats the loudest, I suddenly remember what a goose I am, and cool down again. The first time I ever heard that name to take much notice of it was on the porch of our cottage at Brownsville. We had been married just three years, Mr. Maltby and I, and we had a very happy life. We had had some trouble to get along at first, but an old uncle of Tom's had died and remembered him in his will, to Tom's astonishment, for he always thought he had been disinherited for putting on his uncle's dressing-gown and slippers, and playing he had the gout, using naughty language to the little black boy, and going on just like the old gentleman. Tom was only ten then, and boys will be boys, you know. So he was delighted when he discovered that the old gentleman hadn't fulfilled his threat, and often said he would have great deal to have been reconciled before he died, for since that day he had never entered his uncle's house, but I told him the hand of fate was in it, and he couldn't help it, you know; so as soon as he got possession of the money he bought that

place of ours at Brownsville and we began to enjoy ourselves. And I was so happy, my dear, that I used to say that if we only kept a cow and had our own butter, and a few chickens and fresh eggs, Maltby cottage would be an earthly paradise.

Living so far from the city it was not easy to have things of that sort sent in numbers, and bless you, the neighbors were such upstarts that they wouldn't sell you an egg or a quart of milk if they had to give them to the pigs or wasted them. There wasn't a farmhouse for miles. They were all villas or residences, and when Mr. Bonnybell, with whom I had dealt for pork all the time I lived in the city, retired from business and bought a stone house with two turrets, and Hobe in the garden pouring the fountain into a marble basin, and I sent up word by Bridget that I was going to make a custard, and could they spare me a dozen eggs, Mrs. Bonnybell sent back word, "her compliments to Mrs. Maltby, and she wondered at her impudence, and she didn't keep shop." Set a butcher on horseback and he'll ride as far as the horse will go. And as for bakers, when I heard of the "residence of Terence O'Grady, Esq.," I never thought he was ours where we used to buy the buns we were always sure had alum in them. But, dear me, I'm forgetting all about Martha.

We hadn't been at the cottage three weeks when nurse Glover came to visit me. Dear old creature! I could remember her from the time I was that high—and she was always at our house when I was a child at least once a year. She was very fond of me and meant for the best, I'm sure, but perhaps she wasn't quite judicious. I don't think myself a whole cocoon is a wholesome treat for a child, though it does keep it quiet, and I remember having one—and something like the cholera after it—several times.

When I was married at sixteen she always promised to visit me, and when I went to the cottage she came; we hadn't had room for her before, for to tell the truth we slept ourselves on a sofa-bedstead, and hid the pots and kettles in an ottoman when we had company, because we hadn't any kitchen.

Somehow, though, Tom never liked nurse. So he provoked me by going out a good deal more of evenings than he ever had before—after she came—and by sitting by himself on the back stoop smoking until after midnight. Nurse Glover was afraid of what she called rheumatism, and considered the night air poison, so you know I couldn't join him without leaving her, and that I was too polite to do. Maybe I looked a little low-spirited one evening, for nurse said to me, in such a meaning way:

"Hetty, is your life a happy one, or do you find that marriage is all vanity, like most does?"

She was not particular about her grammar, dear old soul, and always said "we" for "I."

She took me by surprise, for I was thinking of Tom's smoking by himself on that back porch. But I answered:

"Happy! oh, yes. Tom is the best of husbands."

"Easy to be the best," said nurse, "for they're a werry bad lot now, I tell you. One thing I'll say of Mr. Maltby, he's a good provider. But is he devoted?"

"Devoted! Oh, I'm sure he is," said I.

"Ah," said nurse Glover. "Many a young thing thinks so and is deceived. Husbands are perfidious by nature. Him as was down upon his bended knees a suitor and a courtin', and a talkin' like as if he'd commit self suicide if 'twas so 't she wouldn't hev him when his wife's a gal, is just the werry one to go a gallawantin' by the time she's had her first. Lor, I've nursed a many lady, and I never knowed one as had had her second as could put her finger right on her husband and say, 'there, I hev him ev'nine.' They're worse than fies—husbands is!"

"Not all," I pleaded.

"All!" said nurse Glover. "I'd like to sooth your feelings and say 'some isn't,' but truth's truth, and it's my opinion they're all alike. Glover was; that I know, and that I stick to, and allers will!"

I knew Mr. Glover had not been what you might call a domestic man, and I hoped nurse might have been prejudiced by his conduct. Still my heart sank in my bosom like a lump of lead, and though I tried to talk pleasantly, and made her the warmest angaroo she always took before she went to bed, I felt dreadful, and if I smiled it was only to mask my feelings.

When your spirits begin to go down it's a very hard to make them rise again, and when nurse Glover was fairly gone to bed, instead of running downstairs to sit on the porch with Tom as I had intended, I took my seat on the broad sill of the stairhead window, and began to wonder what I should do if I were ever to discover anything dreadful about Tom.

When I had perched myself I could see his dear curly head with wreaths of blue smoke all about it, and the more I looked at it the more I cheered up, until at last I said:

"I'll go down and sit with him. If there is only one good husband in the world, Tom is the man."

If I only had done what I intended at that very moment, I should have been spared a great deal of trouble. But my evil star made me stop to let my eyes get dry, so that Tom shouldn't see I had been crying, and just in that little while some one came up to the garden fence, stopped, took off his hat, and called:

"Mr. Maltby—I say, sir!"

Tom went down to the gate, only a few steps, and not only could I hear but see him perfectly in the moonlight, and there was something mysterious and secret in his very back.

"He come from Turner's, sir," said the man.

"By being this, the lady ask me would I step in to see Mr. Maltby if he cares about seeing?"

He must come up in a few days; she won't be there long."

He spoke in a coarse, high-pitched voice, and I

saw my husband put his hand upon his arm and point warningly towards the house.

"Hush! This is a little secret, you know," said. "I don't want any one to hear."

"Keeping it from the missus, I reckon," said the man, with a gruff laugh.

My husband nodded.

"Tell the lady I'd not miss seeing Martha for the world," he said; "that I'll be there to-morrow, if possible, and here is something for your trouble."

The man muttered a thank you, and added, with a laugh:

"She's a splendid creature, sir."

"I don't know her equal," said my husband.

Him, my dear, who had promised to cherish and protect me at the altar—only think of that! And he had so often told me that I hadn't my equal in the world. Of course it isn't so, you know; but one's own husband ought to think so, whether any one else does so or not.

And that horrible man went away, and Tom came slowly sauntering up the path as though nothing had occurred worth think of, and I, poor creature, I felt sorry for myself, as though I had been some one else. I slipped down from the window-sill and sat upon the floor. Oh, how I cried! Softly, though, for I had made a vow that he should never have the least suspicion that I had found him out.

What a desolate life mine seemed when I was forced to confess that nurse Glover was right and that men were all villains.

The next day—my dear, I've read how men who were to be executed passed the night, I'm sure not one of them suffered as I did, and never until then did I guess myself how much I thought of Tom, I do wonder that I lived through it—when at the breakfast-table he said:

"Why, puss, you look pale. You are not ill, I hope?"

I could have burst into tears, and nurse Glover saw it, and said she:

"Praps Mrs. Maltby sat up late last night. Late hours a't healthy, you know, sir."

Well, he gave her such a look; he might just as well have said "Mind your own business!" outright, and she shook her head. Dear old soul, if she could have known what I knew!

After breakfast I watched Tom. Of course he would go to see that Martha—that abominable, shameful, good-for-nothing Martha—but where? that was the question. Of course he'd try to elude observation, if possible; the guilty always awaken suspicion by being over-cautious. I could wait. There was a long life of misery before me, and I was not in a hurry for it to begin. But one thing I had resolved, whenever Martha—oh, that horrid Martha!—saw my husband, she should also see his injured wife.

Pretending to be idle and unconcerned, I saw it was all humbug. Tom loitered about the house all the morning, and mended a gate and put a new handle to the feather-duster, and even sat down at lunchtime and had a splendid appetite for raspberries and cream. After lunch, he said:

"I'll smoke my cigar in the arbor, puss," and went out.

Oh, how my heart beat! I was after him in a moment. Sure enough, he had his hat on, and was just going out of the gate. I called after him:

"I thought you were going to smoke a cigar in the arbor?"

"So I was," said Tom; "but I've changed my mind. I think I'll take a stroll."

"I'll go with you," said I.

"My love, the middle of the day!" said Tom.

"Oh, it's a cool day," I answered. "Besides, I should think it would hurt you if it were so bad for me."

"Oh, I'm a strong man," he said, "and you are a delicate little woman. Besides, your complexion—"

"Oh, now I am married, who cares for my complexion?" I said. "I'll take a parasol."

Tom stood drumming with his fingers on the fence and whistling. In a minute he said:

"Look here, puss. I'm going out on business, and you'd be in the way. So I can't have the pleasure of your company. Bye-bye! We'll take a walk in the evening."

"Will we," I said to myself. "Ah, before evening you little know what may happen, Tom."

And involuntarily I looked towards the sharp pruning-knife that lay upon the bench under the grape vines.

My dear, I hope I shan't shock you, but if I had been in Othello's place I should not have smothered Desdemona, because when I looked at the carving-knife I thought of that abominable Martha.

I watched him out of sight, and then ran to get my bonnet. If he went to the Turners I knew that I could get there before him by a short path which crossed our next neighbor's garden, and saved a quarter of a mile. I should run all the way, and he always sauntered, even when he used to come a courting.

How I got there I never knew, but there I was hiding behind an old elm tree all of a tremble when Tom came up whistling. Yes, whistling as though there were no such thing as perjury in the wide world.

He knocked at the door, and old Mrs. Turner opened it (she knew of his coming, and could not such a base part); and when he was inside I crept up under the windows and listened, and the first thing I heard him say was:

"I had hard work not to bring my wife along."

Then Mrs. Turner laughed, and said:

"That would have been a joke; she don't suspect nothin', does she?"

"Guess not," said Tom; "How's Martha?"

"She's out yonder," said old Mrs. Turner. "Such an uncanny critter I never saw. I shall be glad to get rid of her; besides, you haven't room enough to keep her, that's a fact. You've decided what to do, I s'pose."

"Yes," said Tom, "I've engaged Johnson, the

carpenter, to build a first-rate house for her near as I can tell I can't do better."

A house! I should hear of a carriage and pinner-money next. Oh, well, might our dear old minister talk of riches being a snare. When we were poor, Tom never thought of building houses for Marthas, and I never heard of such a thing except in English novels. Well, I should have one friend at least. There was nurse Glover; she would take me home to ma and pa, to die. I came near fainting; but what I heard next aroused me.

Tom spoke, and he said:

"Come, let's go and see my Martha."

His Martha—his—oh! and all the injured wife blazed up in my bosom, as well it might. Yes, he might go and see his Martha, and I would go and see his Martha—my husband's Martha also.

And I opened the door as softly as though I had been a housebreaker, and glided in like a snake. Oh, mercy me! that wicked old Mrs. Turner was just leading the way out of the room, and their backs were towards me, and they didn't see me. So I followed, and all that kept me up was the thought of the revenge I would have on Martha, and that he would know that he had killed me and feel remorse at last.

Along the hall they went, and out of the back-door. Probably that woman was waiting in the garden.

Mrs. Turner went on talking:

"Suke is as jealous of her as she can be," she said. "You never saw such a jealous creature."

Were there more Marthas with other names—was Tom a grand Turk in disguise? I was prepared for anything. But Mrs. Turner had stopped before the barn, and was taking a key from her pocket.

"I hated to lock her up," she said, "such a splendid day; but if I didn't she'd run away, and I feel responsible."

Locked up. What could it mean? Was Tom an ogre to fasten women up in barns? I stared at the door; it was open and Tom went in; then I—oh, don't you pity me—I, a lawful wedded wife, who had loved my husband better than my life; I heard him say within the barn:

"My beauty. Don't you know me, Martha? I'm going to take you home next week; and Suke is jealous."

And the next instant my husband walked out of the barn, leading the most beautiful dun cow that I ever saw in all my life, and talking to her as if he had been a child.

"What will your mistress say to you, Martha?" he said. "Will she like you, my beauty? How many quarts a day did you say she gave, Mrs. Turner? Puss—excuse me, I call my wife Puss sometimes—Puss always has said all we need at the cottage is a cow and chickens, and she'll be delighted with Martha; but she shan't know anything about it until she is in her house, and then it shall burst upon her—churn and milkpails and all—and we'll have the shanghaais, too, Mrs. Turner. My wife adores a little dairy and fresh eggs; so ho, Martha."

I had been jealous of an old cow. I didn't wait to hear more I can assure you, but crept out of the yard and away through the hall into the road, as though I had wings on my feet.

When Tom came home I was sitting on the piazza sewing, and how I kissed him. It seemed as it might to an angel who had been turned out of heaven and then taken back again.

That horrid nurse Glover began to abuse my husband again that night, but I cut her short immediately.

"I don't know anything about bad husbands," I said, "but I know good ones are blessings, and Tom is the best husband in the world."

All her insinuations did no harm after that, and she went home pretty soon, and said to all our folks that for old married people of three years standing we were the silliest she ever saw.

I never told any one of my fit of jealousy, and Tom never guessed a word about it. How should he? But when baby was born, and I said:

"What shall we name her?"

Tom said—what put it into his head I can't think:

"Oh, name her Martha."

And I quite screamed:

"Any other name in the calendar, but not that."

"You have a mighty prejudice against the name?" said Tom, whistling.

"Well," said I, "I have; for a woman it's perfectly dreadful, but it's a splendid name for an old cow. I'm glad ours has it, and always have been."

"Why?" asked Tom, but I didn't tell him.

A ROYAL HUNT IN MODERN TIMES.—A correspondent of the Times recently came upon the King of Italy's hunting encampment in the Maritime Alps: "A meridian passing through Nice, just where it cuts the summit ridge of that chain of mountains, very nearly marks the position of the royal encampment. The evening when the King was expected to arrive at his shooting quarters was well-known in the village of San Martino di Lantosca, and next morning at six a large party, including some peasant women and the musicians of the place, started on a four hours' walk to give a greeting to him whom so lately they honored as their sovereign. A dozen snowy tents, occupying one of the many pleasant open glades, marked our destination. Most of these were of the ordinary bell shape. One or two were of a larger size, and had perpendicular sides. The kitchen tent, open at the end, and with a large fireplace outside, was easily distinguishable. Nearly a score of horses were picketed about, and numerous dogs and guns revealed the hunting character of the encampment. The King had returned from his first morning's shooting, and was leaning about with one or two friends, waiting for breakfast. He was dressed in a shooting coat, and wore a hat of English cut and shepherd tartan pattern. Curious hats alone distinguished his dress and that of his friends from the dress of English sportsmen. We ascertained that he had shot but one pheasant, and did not intend to shoot again that day. There was something noble in a King being satisfied with so little game, and that so hard of attainment in regions so vast. Chamois, however, were his principal object, and a large number of men were employed in driving them along the heights in a certain direction, that on the following day he and his friends might have a better chance of coming upon them."





*"What then?"*



*"Our people will destroy his army."*



*"Good-bye."*



*"Let us with one arm and..."*



*"who will be our aristocracy-the limping Soldier"*

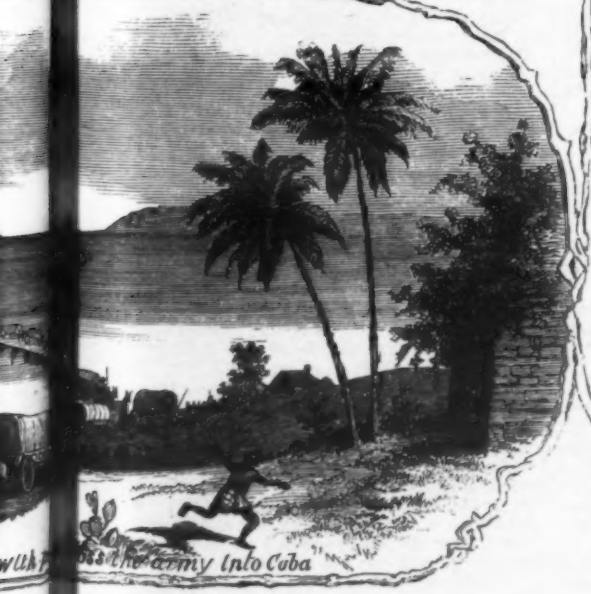
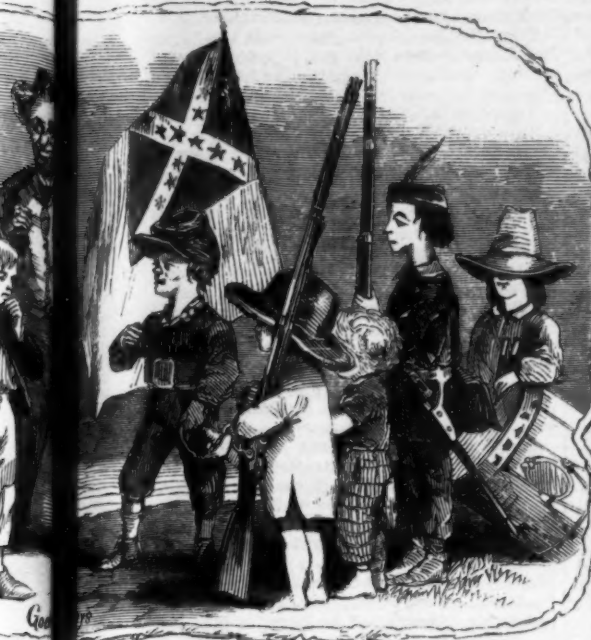


*"Young ladies! always marry the empty stove."*



*"I had sent Bragg with..."*







## BIANCA.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

No wild Bacchante, tendril-crowned,  
No sad-eyed vineyard saint was she,  
A maid, instead, who sweetly frowned,  
And sweetly smiled at sight of me.

You say she loved me! Well, what then?  
No harm was done! so bright a smile  
Was never meant for other men—  
And I had no'er a thought of guile.

It was the vintage—half divine  
The day, from rise to set of sun,  
And flushing dark with amber wine,  
The ripened grapes dropped one by one.

Across the wide Campagna came  
At eve a youth with eager eyes,  
Abaze with more than sunset flame—  
Oh, happy youth, too over-wise!

You knew that in the vineyard shade,  
A star within its purple gloom,  
She waited—fairest, dearest maid  
That ever blushed 'neath trying bloom.

You felt that smile was all for you,  
That languid sweetness in her mien—  
And glowed in triumph as you drew  
Her olive fingers in between.

Yours, whiter far, and bent to kiss  
Each softly rounded finger-tip;  
Then, growing bolder in your bliss,  
The pouting crimson of her lip.

You saw her heart's quick throbbing stir  
The envious kerchief on her breast,  
And heard, above the downy whirr  
Of doves returning to their nest.

Her murmured welcome—murmured low  
In that sweet language of the South  
Whose very echoes melt and flow  
Into—"I love!" in Beauty's mouth.

She loved me well; yet now I dream,  
Perhaps am wrong—yet 'tis not so—  
She was not one to falsely seem,  
And feign a love she did not know.

I wish she had been—simple girl!  
It would have saved a world of pain,  
But no—she held herself a pearl  
Not lightly to be touched again.

She thought I loved her; was she wrong?  
I thought I loved her for an hour,  
I only marvel 'twas so long,  
Since o'er me, with resistless power,

Another mistress reigned supreme—  
My Art, my blissful One, my All!  
I could not dream she was a dream,  
Nor stay when she should choose to call.

And she did call me. "Venice waits  
Thy skillful pencil, as of old  
She waited for her Doge—her gates  
Adorned with purple and with gold."

And I—"Bianca, do not grieve!  
My duty, and—nay, kiss me, dear!  
Believe me, sweet, I do not leave  
This Rome and thee without a tear."

I paused in doubt; no word she said,  
But clasping close a flaming vine,  
In slow, still anger turned her head—  
"Thou hast thy path—I, too, have mine."

This was our parting. Thence I took  
The road to Venice. Scarce a year  
Had faded, when a whisper shook  
My every nerve with thrilling fear.

"Last week a peasant girl in Rome  
Died by her own dark, desperate hand;  
No one had wronged her, but her home,  
She said, was not in any land."

"And life was chill, and dark, and sad  
(Some thought she mourned an absent love),  
And she had naught to make her glad—  
'Twas brighter—happier far above."

And hidden next her heart, they say,  
Was found a letter, and the name  
Was whispered me—I turned away  
Brow-flushed with burning grief and shame.

## NINA MARSH;

OR,

## THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

## CHAPTER XXII.—IN THE GLOAMING.

ALTHOUGH Lord Gillingham had been baffled once in his intention respecting Nina, he was by no means cast down. He attributed his hasty dismissal to the jealousy of Captain Marsh. All these obstacles and delays only added fuel to the evil passions which Lord Gillingham was prone enough to designate love. He determined to make an effort to meet Nina alone, and that at a time when no immediate influence of a kind inimical to his wishes could be brought to bear upon her.

One of his lordship's grooms had a leaning towards a certain maid at Beechwood, who was more tender than discreet. The indiscretion of this same maid had, unconsciously to herself, served the earl many a good turn, and it came in useful again on the present occasion. Caroline confided to Pierce one evening that Miss Nina was rather strange in her habits—not to say peculiar; so much so that Caroline, although

noted for her discernment upon ordinary occasions, could really make nothing of her.

We may suppose that Pierce's curiosity was piqued by this avowal, and he questioned Caroline rather closely as to the nature of her young mistress's peculiarities. Caroline was a true woman, and, having given her heart to Pierce without reservation, it only seemed natural that she should do likewise by her confidence—on the same terms. So she innocently informed him that Miss Nina's strangeness consisted in her fancy for walking out at unreasonable hours.

"Indeed," added Caroline, "if it's only between ourselves, I must say it would be more natural if Miss Nina was to stop by her ma and sister in the drawing-room after dinner, instead of going about the grounds at such out-of-the-way times. Not that I mean there's anything improper in it; but then," concluded Caroline, modestly mindful of the advantages of male escort, "not having anybody to meet, it can't be any use, to say the least of it."

Pierce treacherously garnered up this knowledge in his heart, and communicated it to his master when he visited the stables next morning.

"At what time do they dine at Mr. Marsh's when they are alone?" inquired his lordship, looking well pleased at Pierce's information.

"At seven o'clock to a minute, my lord, because Caroline said—"

"Never mind what Caroline said now," interrupted his lordship. "I never doubted that she was a very clever young woman, but it wouldn't be right of me to encroach on a confidence which was, no doubt, intended for your ear alone."

And the earl, as if overtaken with tardy scruples, put a stop to the conversation and left the stables. But that evening Lord Gillingham dined earlier than usual, and, after drinking but moderately, strolled slowly towards Beechwood. He entered the park by a small side gate, not caring to be seen by the lodge-keeper, and reached the shrubberies at half-past eight, when Nina might be expected to leave the house. A rustic arbor near at hand accommodated him with a seat, and from here he could easily see the front entrance of the manor-house and the long level sweep of the green lawn. He waited patiently for about a quarter of an hour; then he began to fear lest Nina should not come at all, or in any case, confine her ramble to the terraces, where he would not dare intrude.

But presently he saw a dark figure issue quickly through the huge doorway of the house, and move swiftly towards him. She stopped to gather a white rose from a tree on the lawn, raising it to catch the perfume; then she came on again until she was within a few paces of his hiding-place. He had no doubt now that it was the person he sought.

Nina looked very pale, and her eyes seemed to burn out of her white face with almost supernatural brilliancy. Her deep mourning dress added to her strange pallor, and gave to her form a shadowy thinness which was almost ghost-like. She stood awhile quite motionless, drinking in the soft freshness of the evening air. The birds were chanting a dreamy lullaby, and here and there a silver star speckled the wide space of the blue-gray heavens. There was a solemn hush over the distant hills, which mingled their gray peaks with the clouds until you could hardly tell them apart. A flush of crimson just lightened the western horizon. The moths came to sip the dew, and the bats wheeled about in gradually widening circles, almost fanning Nina's cheek as they passed, then chasing each other with grim gaily round and round the old manor-house. The building itself frowned giant-like into the face of the quiet sky, and assumed a sort of statuesque beauty in the gloom which dropped a mantle of charity over all defects, and gave them a quaint charm of its own. But Nina was aroused from her reverie by a rude voice that jarred upon her ear, and brought her back, by a sudden spring, to the hard realities of life.

She turned about with a startled cry parting her lips, and came face to face with Lord Gillingham.

"Oh, no, no! don't speak to me now!" she exclaimed with a wild piteousness of entreaty the earl had not led himself to expect from a young lady born in such matter-of-fact, mechanical times as our own. "I can't hear you to-night: it would be a shame and a desecration."

"What would?" inquired the earl a little roughly.

How was he to understand the wrestling of a spirit such as hers? How could he tell that to listen to his horrible love-making seemed to Nina wicked and shameful in this pure twilight hour? To him this poor, wild girl, struggling helplessly against a most pitiless fate, was a mere enigma he did not care to solve. She was cowering away from him, with her dim white face upturned, her dry eyes full of piteous appeal, and he believed that this hour of weakness was meant for his profit. He grasped tight hold of both the nerveless hands and drew her, helpless, into his arms, and then he kissed her. She shuddered so violently that the rose in her bosom fled from its shelter and fluttered to the ground. The earl loosed his hold of her at this, picked up the flower and stuck it triumphantly in his buttonhole, wearing it as a badge of victory.

Nina had grown calmer now, and when Lord Gillingham asked her in plain terms to be his wife, she answered him quietly enough that she should require a day to consider his proposal. But she so worded her reply, almost unconsciously, that even a very diffident man might have considered himself permitted to hope. So confident was the earl indeed, that he would have kissed her again to seal their engagement, had she not resisted him with a determination he thought it best to respect. Then the earl went away well pleased with his interview, begging that she would give him her first answer at that time to-morrow night. After Lord Gillingham had left her Nina felt more than ever unwilling to re-enter the house.

She believed that Cyril's keen eyes would read her through and through with their first glance. He and Mr. Marsh generally sat a good while over their wine, not drinking much, but talking a great deal. Still it was now close upon nine o'clock, and by this time Cyril would certainly be in the drawing-room; and it was Cyril, above all others, whom she dreaded to meet, knowing that the trouble and misery written on her face would be to him clear evidence of the truth. She turned towards the shrubberies, meaning to walk thence until she was calmer, and better able to confront her cousin's sharp glance of inquiry. She had reached the small ornamental gate, which shut out the shrubberies from the park, when she came full upon Jack Dawes, leaning against the hedge in a forlorn and disconsolate attitude. Jack's face brightened instantaneously when he caught sight of Nina, and his lips parted in an eager effort to speak—too eager, it seemed, for Jack remained speechless. At last he blurted out, vehemently:

"Don't do that, Miss Nina—don't do that!"

"What, Jack? Tell me what I am not to do?" asked Nina, kindly, but in a tone of some perplexity.

"Don't marry him, Miss Nina, that's what I mean. You ladies don't know what men are so well as we do; it isn't natural you should, not being brought into the way of 'em as we are. But I can tell you, Miss Nina, that Lord Gillingham is a regular scoundrel, and I'd rather see anybody I loved in their grave than married to him; don't think hard of me, Miss Nina, but I really would. Now look here—don't be angry—but a man who bullies his servants and every one else about him will soon learn to bully his wife, too; he will, upon my honor, Miss Nina."

"But who told you I was going to marry Lord Gillingham?" said Nina.

"No one told me; only, as I was taking a stroll this evening, I saw him creeping and skulking about the place, and knew directly he wasn't up to any good. So I thought I would wait about and see how long he stayed; and presently he opened the gate here and went in, as cool as may be, and then I knew that you'd let him come."

"But I had not; I was as much surprised to see him as you could have been."

"Then how dared he make so free?" exclaimed Jack, fiercely. "If I'd known he hadn't an invite I'd have knocked him down before he'd got this gate open; but I fancied for certain, seeing him so bold and confident, that you had let him come. Now, Miss Nina, I'll just tell you what sort of a man he is. I don't care to repeat such tales as a rule, but perhaps it's right you should hear the whole truth. You know Rose Woodman, don't you?"

"Yes, very well. She was a pupil of mine at the Sunday-school."

"Well, it seems she caught my lord's eye one day when he was walking through the village, and he went straight to Woodman's and ordered a whole lot of work to be done, and then told Woodman to bring his eldest daughter to Rendlesham Court on Saturday, when he should be out, and the housekeeper should show them all the pictures and curiosities, and so on. Well, they went, and instead of being out, as the earl said he would, there was his lordship waiting at home on purpose, and he took Rose all over the place himself, and sent her home with a bouquet of greenhouse flowers as big as my head. Well, Woodman's work was to make some new gates close to the house, and Rose used to take him his dinner. Soon the neighbors found out that his lordship was in the habit of meeting Rose half-way, and walking a good bit of time with her, and one day she came out in a smart frock she said Dame Oldum had given her, but which Dame Oldum and the rest of the world declared was his lordship's present."

Here Jack hesitated and coughed, then went on suddenly:

"And the long and short of it is, Miss Nina, that Ben went to Rose one day and threw up the engagement all of a hurry, and Rose made off, nobody knows where. But when Dame Oldum went to his lordship, just to satisfy Ben, who was taking on so they thought he would go crazy, the earl said it was no business of anybody's where Rose was, for that he'd take care she didn't suffer."

"Poor Rose! I am very, very sorry. But are you sure all this is true?"

"Quite sure, for Seth Woodman makes a boast of the money his daughter sends him, and she gave her young sister the frock she got from the earl, saying that she couldn't bear the sight of it now. So you see that she can afford to be particular and change her dresses with her humors."

"All this is very sad. I wish we could do something for Rose."

"I am afraid that is impossible; but Dame Oldum says that the earl has faithfully promised to provide for the child."

"Then there is a child?"

"No, Miss Nina," answered Jack, blushing like a young girl; "forgive me for talking of such things to you—but there will be one some day."

"It is very, very sad," again repeated Nina, finding it hard to believe in the sudden demoralization of such a modest, innocent girl as Rose.

But she knew so cruelly and fatally herself the effects of an evil presence and ungodly persuasions, that whilst there was no repulsion there was a good deal of pity in her heart towards the poor fallen girl, who had, doubtless, been sore tempted and tried. There were tears in her eyes as she turned towards Jack and gave him her hand.

"I must go in now," she said; "but thank you for your warning. Good-night."

"And you won't marry Lord Gillingham now?"

"I don't know—but I believe not. I must make inquiries about this matter before I can come to any decision. But, at any rate, thank you for your kind intentions."

"Kind intentions aren't much to signify, if they

don't go no further. I'd rather do you a little service than think about a big one."

"I know you are very good and kind, Jack."

"Oh, Miss Nina, I wish you wouldn't say that. But I want a word with you, if you don't mind waiting. Nan's got engaged in the hunting-field the other day; she really has, upon my honor."

"Engaged to be married, do you mean?"

"Yes—to Sir Frank Seymour."

Here Jack paused, finding the old difficulty in explaining himself on a subject so very near to his heart and interests.

"She really has," he repeated, as if he were unravelling a most extraordinary phenomenon. "You wouldn't have thought it, would you?"

"Indeed, why not? Miss Dawes is very handsome, and is such a splendid horsewoman."

"Yes," answered Jack, abstractedly; then he went on in a tone of great humility:

"You're so very clever, Miss Nina, that perhaps you know what I was going to say. They'll be married in the autumn, and will go down to Leicestershire, hunting, for the honeymoon. But it wasn't that I was going to say."

And Jack, very red and very pitiful, stood fumbling with the latch of the gate, feeling that after a great and universal flow of words a complete drought had supervened, and that at the very moment when he would have given anything to be eloquent. But Nina understood perfectly what he wished to say, and resolved to spare him the pain of a second refusal. So she made a sudden excuse for departing, and hurried away before Jack had sufficiently disentangled his ideas to put them into words.

"Miss Nina doesn't care for me, and that's a fact," said Jack, sighing, for he had seen by her manner that she perfectly understood his intention. "And it's a pity, too, for I would have tried to make her happy, and there's more in that than most people think. At any rate it can't be helped; only it seems hard, after I've given up going to fair, and so on, just to please her."

Then Jack heaved another very long sigh, and went to unloose his two setters, which he had tied with a pocket handkerchief to the fence, lest they should scamper about over the gardens, and destroy Mrs. Marsh's flower-bed.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—DAME OLDUM'S THEORIES OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

ALTHOUGH Nina had made up her mind that it would be necessary to sacrifice herself by a marriage with Lord Gillingham, she was always struggling with herself against it, and searching for some loophole through which she might escape from such a repulsive and degrading alliance. And, after all, if the fancied security in this dishonoring union should prove a fallacious hope, and she should be dragged down from her high estate with a terrible fall, what should she have gained by her sacrifice? There would be increased shame for all those who belonged to her. The Countess of Gillingham would be more notorious than Nina Marsh.

She could not see a way out of her wretched difficulties. All right long she tossed on a sleepless bed, and at dawn she rose and dressed herself. She thought she would go and see Dame Oldum before any one was about, and learn the truth of Jack Dawes's story. If it should prove to be correct, it would be quite impossible that she should marry Lord Gillingham, and, therefore, the effort of a decision would be taken out of her hands. She did not rate herself too highly. No one could have less right to inquire into a man's past than she had, but she was quite justified in demanding that a person who sought her for his wife should show a decent regard for her feelings in the present. There could be no accepted rivalry between herself and Rose Woodman.

Dame Oldum was no sluggard, to do her justice. She had been up an hour or more when she saw Nina wearily mount the steep hill-side. The old woman smiled cunningly to herself, and hastened Ben's breakfast a little, in order to get him away before her visitor should arrive. When Nina reached the top of the hill, and stood there panting, a bright sudden bloom dyeing her white cheeks, the dame came out, as if by accident, and looked innocently surprised to see any one at the threshold of her door.

"Dear me! who'd have thought it?" was her first exclamation. "But come in, miss, do; Ben's gone, and I'm quite alone."

Nina passed silently in, and sank into the first seat that presented itself.

Dame Oldum gave her one keen glance of inquiry, then went bustling about the room, as if busy with her work.

"Dame, I want to know this story about Rose Woodman. I hear such strange reports of her and Lord Gillingham."

"Don't you know what comes of people getting in my way?" said the old woman, with a sudden bitter expression which made Nina shudder.

"No, no! could have stung me sharper than she did, and I made a vow I'd have my revenge some day, and I have crushed her. She'll never hold up her head in Beechwood again," she triumphantly concluded.

"Oh, dame! you have never been so cruel as to take that poor girl's character away for nothing?" said Nina, in a tone of honest indignation.

"No: I have taken it away for something. Besides, who says it isn't true?"

"That's just what I want to know. Is it true, dame?"

"It can't signify to you either way," she answered doggedly.

"You are mistaken there—it signifies to me a great deal. If I could be sure that he had been guilty of the sin imputed to him, nothing should persuade me to marry Lord Gillingham."

"I don't see the use of being so particular about such things," answered the old woman. "I never think anything wicked until its found out, and then I make allowances. Gentlefolks are brought up to have their way, and if they go a little wrong



in getting it, why, it's no more than we can expect. There's everything in what you are taught at starting."

"You and I will never agree about such things, dame," said Nina, coldly. "Will you tell me the truth of this story I hear, and let me get away? I am afraid of being missed from home."

"And a'pose it is true?" inquired the old woman, scanning her keenly, whilst she eagerly awaited the answer.

"Then you may be quite sure that I should have nothing whatever to do with Lord Gillingham."

"Then it isn't true," answered the old woman, sharply. "Are you satisfied now?"

"No. I can't see your motive for fabricating such a cruel tale."

"Can't you?" And the old dame laughed till the tears ran down her apple-red cheeks. "Well, you have tickled me!" she added with odious familiarity. "I never expected to find you so innocent."

Nina uncovered her face, and looked straight at the dame haughtily.

"You go too far," she said. "I have warned you from the first that you might make it easier for me to tell my secret than to keep it. Can't you understand how much you are injuring yourself by injuring me?"

"I don't know about that. They'd pay me well for witnessing, no doubt."

Nina shuddered, and grew white to her lips.

"Yes, I suppose you would get something for that," she answered hoarsely, "but not nearly so much as you get out of me. It takes more than three-parts of my allowance to satisfy your claims."

"And if people have got secrets they must pay for them," replied the old woman, insolently. "I don't expect people to do anything for me out of love, and I don't see why you should—not a woman leastways. When I was young and bonny, and had men to deal with, I used to pay some of my debts with kisses instead of money; but I didn't find any women to let me off so light—nor more will you; it isn't nature. Did the captain tell you what a good match he found?" she added presently, with a malicious chuckle. "He came up here blustering and looking fierce, but he went down again as meek as a lamb. That merriner frock settled him. I saw him tugging at his beard all the way down the hill, and it's my belief he'd have liked to tug at me instead; but I'm not gamboozled so easy as that. He'll behave himself more seemingly the next time he comes."

"Dame, I would rather you speak against me than against Captain Marsh," said Nina, sadly. "He is the best friend I have in the world."

"Then keep him as a friend; his lordship is the only safe husband for you."

"I don't know; they tell me that poor Rose will have a child."

"And what then? You aren't getting particular now, I should think? A gentleman's none the worse for liking to look at a pretty face when he can get the chance."

"But, dame, you don't understand—"

"Yes, I do," answered the old woman, with the coldest insolence. "I understand that if my lord was such a saint, he wouldn't be fit for you."

"Dame," said Nina, shuddering, "you know I never did that guiltily. It was too terrible—too terrible; it has darkened my life and made me miserable in a way you could never realize; but I swear before God that it was done innocently."

"You won't find any one to believe you."

"No, I dare say not. I have felt that all along. But it is some relief to my conscience to know that, great as my sin, great as my trouble was, that thought never came into my head. I would have faced everything—I meant to do so, but, dame, you are so cruel to make me talk about all this! You must see it kills me."

Nina sobbed convulsively, without shedding any tears. A ring of flame seemed to encircle her eyes, burning up the tears as they tried to pass. To be in the power of a coarse, merciless, hard-natured old woman like Dame Oldum sharpened all her sufferings into intense poignancy. The old prayer for death was on her lips, and in her heart, as she walked slowly down the hill, her white, despairing face flooded by the amber and purple glory of the rich sunrise.

She crept round the hill, and sat down out of the sight of all human eyes, only in God's presence. And then she prayed in repentance and supplication. She mourned bitterly over her sins, and she asked God, humbly, that, if it should please Him, she might be allowed some rest from her great sorrow.

How passionately the poor child wept and prayed on the quiet hill-side that fresh early morning! It seemed to her that she could reach God better here than in her own room.

She got up from her green couch, and began to walk homeward at a quick pace. She had girded on a shirt of mail, and Dame Oldum's taunts would have bounded off harmless had they been launched at her now. She reached the base of the hill, and was just turning into the village, when she came suddenly upon Captain Marsh and Gabrielle de Pène. There must have been some change in her face—a reflex of her inward feeling—for both stared at her: one anxiously, the other

everything in God's hands, and submit myself entirely to Him. Whatever may come to me I shall meet it steadily, and that is all I or any one else can expect."

"How strangely you talk!" exclaimed Gabrielle in a perplexed tone. "Captain Marsh, will you make Nina explain her strange conduct? I feel so curious."

But as Gabrielle did not wait for an answer, and Cyril would not heed her commands, Nina escaped free of any inconvenient questioning, and entered the house without having been forced to betray the secret of her morning's walk.

### AMONG THE REEDS.

THE streamlet leapt from rock to rock,  
And danced adown the shallows,  
To where the white pool mirrored all  
The skimmings of the swallows.

Afar it heard the village hum—  
The sound of human voices;  
And thus it loudly, gaily sung  
Mid all its myriad noises:

"Now I shall see the children play,  
And hear their laughter ringing;  
And I shall listen at the door  
Where maids and youths are singing;

"Now I shall hear the old men tell  
The young ones pretty fables,  
While the red sun falls athwart  
The westward-looking gables;

"And I shall swiftly rush and fling  
Abroad my dancing billows;  
But linger by the haunts of men,  
Beside the drooping willows!"

Down by the reeds the streamlet came,  
Its laughter slowly dying;  
A something white—a curve of gold—  
Within the pool were lying.

The streamlet paused and looked askance  
Among the reeds low-laden—  
The curve of gold was floating hair,  
The white, a dress of maiden.

Oh, swiftly, swiftly ran the stream,  
Until it grew a river!—  
One hurried glance, along its course,  
It darted backward never.

A fearful sound was in its ear—  
A moan of maiden dying;  
And through the night it heard with dread  
The willows' dark leaves sighing.

Oh, swiftly, swiftly, ran the stream,  
Looking behind it never;  
Men knew not where the mirth had gone  
Of this brown-rushing river.

### JEFFERSON DAVIS'S MACON SPEECH.

WHEN the speech delivered by the rebel President at Macon was first published, the amazement was so general that few credited its authenticity. Gradually, however, confirmation came strong and irresistible. To give it full weight as one of the most important documents of the war, we have illustrated it in the present paper.

The application of the different extracts marked below in italics and illustrated by us requires no comment. His admissions of defeat, of loss and armies melting away, cannot be retrieved by his mild calls on the women, the old men and the boys, to use their endeavors to help the falling fortunes of the rebellion:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS—It would have gladdened my heart to have met you in prosperity instead of adversity. But friends are drawn together in adversity. The son of a Georgian, who fought through the first Revolution, I would be untrue to myself if I should forget the State in her day of peril. *What though misfortune has befallen our arms from Decatur to Jonesboro, our cause is not lost. Sherman cannot keep up his long line of communication, and retreat sooner or later he must; and when that day comes, the fate that befell the army of the French empire in its retreat from Moscow will be repeated. Our cavalry and our people will harass and destroy his army as did the Cossacks that of Napoleon; and the Yankee General, like him, will escape with only a body guard. How can this be the most speedily effected? By the absence of Hood's army returning to their posts; and will they not? Can they see the banished exiles; can they hear the wail of their suffering countrywomen and children and not come? By what influences they are made to stay away it is not necessary to speak. If there is one who will stay away at this hour he is unworthy of the name of Georgian.*

To the women no appeal is necessary. They are like the Spartan mothers of old. I know of one who has lost all her sons, except one of eight years. She wrote that she wanted me to reserve a place for him in the ranks. The venerable Gen. Polk, to whom I read the letter, knew that woman well, and said it was characteristic of her; but I will not weary you by turning aside to relate the various incidents of giving up the last son to the cause of our country known to me. Wherever we go we find the hearts and hands of our noble women enlisted. They are seen wherever the eye may fall or the step turn. They have one duty to perform—to buoy up the hearts of our people. I know the deep disgrace felt by Georgia at our army falling back from Dalton to the interior of the State. But I was not of those who considered Atlanta lost when our army crossed the Chattahoochee. I resolved that it should not, and I then put a man in command who I knew would strike a manly blow for the city, and many a Yankee's blood was made to nourish the soil before the prize was won.

It does not become us to revert to disaster. Let the dead bury the dead. *Let us, with one arm and one effort, endeavor to crush Sherman. I am going to the army to confer with our Generals. The end must be the defeat of our enemy. It has been said—I abandoned Georgia to her fate. Shame upon such falsehood. Where could the author have been when Walker, when Pope and when Gen. Stephen D. Lee were sent to her assistance? Miserable man! The man who uttered this was a scoundrel! He was not a man to save our country. If I knew that a General did not possess the right qualities to command would I not be wrong if he was not removed? Why, when our army was falling back from Northern Georgia, I even heard that I had sent Bragg with orders to cross it to Cuba. But we must be realistic. The man who can speculate ought to be made to take up his sword. When the war is over, and our independence won—and we will establish our independence—who will be our aristocracy? I love the fighting soldier. To the young ladies I would say that when choosing between an empty sleeve and the man*

who had remained at home and grown rich, always take the empty sleeve.

Let the old men remain at home and make bread. But should they know of any young man keeping away from the service, who cannot be made to go any other way, let them write to the Executive. I read all letters sent me by the people, but have not the time to reply to them. You have not many men between 18 and 45 left. *The boys, God bless the boys, are, as rapidly as they become old enough, going to the field. The city of Macon is filled with stores, sick and wounded. It must not be abandoned, when threatened; but when the enemy comes, instead of calling upon Hood's army for defence, the old men must fight, and when the enemy is driven beyond Chattanooga, they too can join in the general rejoicing. Your prisoners are kept as a sort of Yankee capital. I have heard that one of their Generals said that their exchange would defeat Sherman. I have tried every means, conceded everything to effect an exchange, but to no purpose. But, the best, with whom no Commissioner or Exchange would hold intercourse, had published in the newspapers that if we would consent to the exchange of negroes all difficulties might be removed. This is reported as an effort of his to get himself whitewashed, by holding intercourse. If an exchange could be effected, I don't know but I might be induced to recognise Butler. But in the future every effort will be given, as far as possible, to effect the end. We want our soldiers in the field, and we want the sick and wounded to return home. It is not proper for me to speak of the number of men in the field, but this I will say: that two-thirds of our men are absent—some sick, some wounded, but most of them absent without leave!*

The man who repents and goes back to his command voluntarily appeals strongly to executive clemency. But suppose he stays away until the war is over, and his comrades return home, and when every man's history will be told, where will he shield himself? It is upon these reflections that I rely to make men return to their duty; but after conferring with our Generals at headquarters, if there be any other remedy it shall be applied. I love my friends and I forgive my enemies. I have been asked to send reinforcements from Virginia to Georgia. In Virginia the disparity in numbers is just as great as it is in Georgia. Then I have been asked why the army sent to the Shenandoah valley was not sent here. It was because an army of the enemy had penetrated that valley to the very gates of Lynchburg, and Gen. Early was sent to drive them back. This he not only successfully did, but, crossing the Potomac, came well nigh capturing Washington itself, and forced Grant to send two corps of his army to protect it. This the enemy denominated a raid.

What would prevent them now if Early were withdrawn from taking Lynchburg, and putting a complete cordon of men around Richmond? I counselled with that great and brave soldier Gen. Lee upon all these points. My mind roamed over the whole field. With this we can succeed. If one-half the men now absent without leave will return to duty we can defeat the enemy. With that hope I am going to the front. I may not realise this hope; but I know there are men there who have looked death in the face too often to despond now. Let no one despond. Let no one distrust; and remember that if genius is the best ideal, hope is the reality.

### MAJ.-GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

Origin of the War Song of the Logan Division.

THE following interesting account of the origin, or rather the circumstance which called forth the well-known song, "The Bonny Free Flag," given by the brave and talented author, Major W. C. Carroll, in a letter to the publishers, Messrs. Endres & Compton, of St. Louis, will be read with pleasure by the thousands of admirers of the gallant Logan:

"A few days before the evacuation of Corinth, in May, 1862, Gen. Halleck ordered that an advance be made by our whole line, with a view of attacking Corinth. Logan's brigade held the post of honor on the extreme right of the line, and swung around to the left until we came in sight of the railroad and the outer line of the enemy's works. Our skirmishers became very hotly engaged, and the main body of Logan's troops were drawn up in line of battle, awaiting the momentarily expected command to advance, when the General came dashing down the line, full of fire and animation, crying out in his loudest and penetrating voice: 'Now, boys, for it! Give them hell! Show them the best blood of Egypt!' (his brigade being mostly from Southern Illinois), and although without orders from his superior officer, gave the order to advance. Turning to his Staff, he said: 'Now, I want all of you, my aids and orderlies, to follow me!' and dashed off to the right, followed by his staff—mounted the railroad embankment in a storm of bullets, one of them cutting off the end of the General's moustache. The advance was, however, checked by the division commander, and a general engagement prevented, much to the chagrin of Gen. Logan and his brave troops."

The following are the words of the song inspired by this incident. It is a very popular song in the army:

#### THE BONNY FREE FLAG.

Dedicated to Major-Gen. John A. Logan, by Major William C. Carroll, 13th Illinois cavalry.

The war-cry is up, our nation resounds,  
And our arms are all shining and bright;  
Right bold are the foes that encircle around  
The temple of our Liberty's light.  
But there's virtue and faith in a island of the free,  
What the spirit of our fathers remain,  
And the ballot and sword our lives shall be,  
Our lost States from rebellion to reclaim.

#### CHORUS.

Then a song and a cheer for the bonny free flag,  
With its stars and its stripes waving high;  
For it soldiers and sailors, its army and navy,  
For our Union must live, or we'll die.

Come forth, noble youths, come forth men of nerve,  
And pledge her your arms, strong and true;  
Your country now calls on her faithful to serve,  
For the honor of the Red, White and Blue.  
Our forefathers fought for their Liberty and God,  
Transmitting these gems to our hands;  
Then rally, my braves, better sleep beneath the sod,  
Than to yield up to treacherous hands.

"March on!" cried Logan, "sound the drum and the fife,  
Show the best blood of freemen on the field;  
Strike, strike for your homes and a dear nation's life,  
For the Army of the West shall never yield.  
'Tis not for the North, the East or the West,  
But the South shall be equally free,  
So together we'll live as the wise and the best,  
And the envy of the world we will be."

SILKWORMS.—A new silkworm from South America is described by M. Guerin-Meneville, in a letter read at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris. The worm was found in very great abundance, in a wild state, on the larvas of the Correntine Mission, on the right bank of the Uruguay, by M. Herrera and Faurety. The tree on which this worm feeds is a species of mimosa; the cocoons are of an orange color when fresh, but become pale through the action of the sun and rain, and the silk produced is very fine. Specimens were submitted to the examination of the Academy. The name proposed is *Perisolea Uruguayana*. Bombyx Fourcroyi. M. Guerin-Meneville announced the opening of one of the cocoons of the Bombyx Atlas, sent to him by Capt. Hutton, from Mendoza, situated on an elevated plateau of the Himalayas. This cocoon is very large, weighing nine grammes, while the cocoons of the common worms and the silkworms weigh only two. The lateness of the season at which this opening of the cocoon takes place will, it is feared, prevent the acclimatization of the Bombyx Atlas in France.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT'S the difference between 60 minutes and one of my sisters? Give it up, do you? Why, one's an hour, and the other's "our Ann."

OUR travelling contributor states that of all the cities in Europe he has visited the very fastest is Berlin. Arrive there when he may, he invariably finds it on the spree.

WHAT loose things generally stick pretty fast to one? Loose habits.

RUDDY.—A Chief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up and hit him with his stick. Several notes were found upon him. Another was found making an entry in a book. He was immediately taken by an artist, who was sketching somebody else at the moment.

WHAT judges might be supposed to show most leniency to the prisoners brought before them? Those who preside at quarter sessions.

WE know a poor fellow who has a wife so obstinate and passionate that she never "gives way" to anything but temper.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—The happiness of your domestic; without which you will have none of your own.

WHY is a benevolent landlord who lowers his tenant's rent like a man who draws up a new code of philosophy? Because he reduces it to assist "em—a system.

WHAT noted forerunner would a person represent in stealing a certain part of a lady's attire? Robin Hood, to be sure.

#### CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A lawyer's bill.

WHAT kind of food is most proper at funeral dinners? Lamb and taters (lamentations).

HAIRDRESSER'S MOTTO.—"Cut and come again."

ON what day of the week ought people to get married? Why, on Wednesday, to be sure!

WHY is steam like cotton? Because it often makes a car go (cargoe).

A MOB may have as many cars as a cornfield, but is as deaf to the words of reason.

GEN. SHERIDAN, in early life, was a newsboy. He circulated news then, but makes it now.

#### QUESTIONS FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

Mention the name of a wicked Roman? Chorus.

Where should a dun horse be kept? In Dunstable.

It is not easy to understand why public singers should have any objection to encores. Is not every encore a gain?

#### A DICTIONARY OF MILITARY TERMS.

Very useful to those who read the Southern accounts of the War.

For Strategic Reasons.—Because you can't help it.

A Masterly Backward Movement.—Running away as hard as you can.

A Clever Flank Manoeuvre.—Allowing the enemy to outflank you.

Repulsing the Enemy with Loss.—Bolting from them, and allowing your guns, etc., to fall into their hands.

NEVER give a high price for a coat that has come from Birmingham, for it is sure to have seen hard-ware.

REAL INN-DEPENDENCE.—Living at an hotel as long as you like, and going away without paying the bill.

"COME wheel, come woe!" as the man said when the cart was going to run over him.

#### HINTS TO CARPENTERS.

When you start in business, make up your mind not to cheat or be cheated.

Be liberal to those you employ; it will then be plain to all that you are no screwdriver, and as each day comes round you will find yourself all square with everybody.

Make it a rule that any man going into the workshop should scrape his boots. Should the rule be broken, impose a fine of ten cents, which may be called a tin tax.

Try all in your power to get your men out of any vice they may have got into; for instance, if you saw them screwed, you, of course, would conclude they had been to an almshouse, and warn them that drinking to excess in the morning will surely bring them to an early bed.

WHY is a woman deformed when she is mending stockings? Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.

WHY is a professed joker like a publican? Because he's a licensed wit-teller.

WHY is a gentleman enjoying a snooze, and refreshed by it, like a hunter who goes at a jump with a number of others? Because he takes his (sleep) with the rest.

THE TRUE SOCIAL SCIENCE.—How to make home happy.

#### THE SUPERLATIVE OF TEMPER.—Tempest.

A GENTLEMAN recently entered a London fashionable church, where the female pew-opener expected gratuity. Twirling a half-crown between a finger and thumb, he was politely shown into a pew, and then dexterously conveyed a halfpenny into the expectant palm of his conductor, who clutched the coin and smirkingly withdrew. Presently the woman brought him a hymnbook, and, still smirking, whispered: "You made a mistake, sir; it was only a halfpenny you gave me."

"No," said the gentleman, with a benevolent smile, "it's all right; I never gave less."

Exit pew-opener, not smirking this time.

A TRAVELLER called at the Castle Tavern, Marlborough, and ordered them to get him a dinner worth his money. The landlord, thinking he would be a profitable customer, set before him a most excellent repast, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, to which the traveller did ample justice. When he had finished, the landlord presented his "little bill," and his guest tendered him a sixpence.

"How is this?" asked the host; "your dinner comes to 15s. 9d."

"Not so," answered the other; "I expressly ordered a dinner worth my money, and I assure you this sixpence is all the money I have in the world."

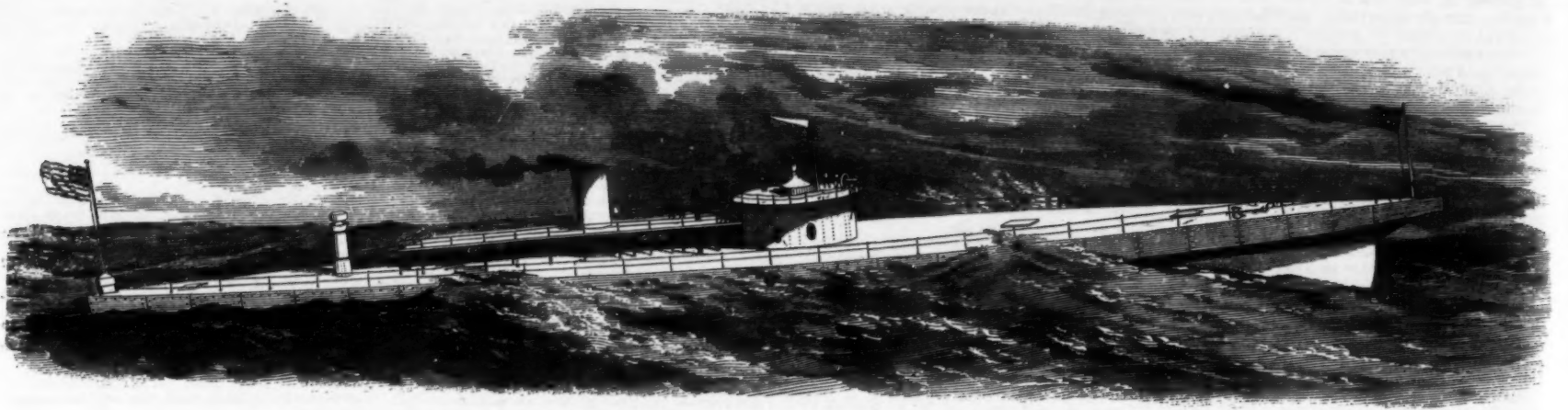
The landlord, finding that he was victimized, thought it was useless to argue the matter any further, and consented to be the loser on one condition—that the guest should go and check the landlord of the Red Lion (his enemy) of a dinner I receive.

"My good man," said the other, "I cheated him of a breakfast this morning, and he gave me 1s. to pay you a visit!"

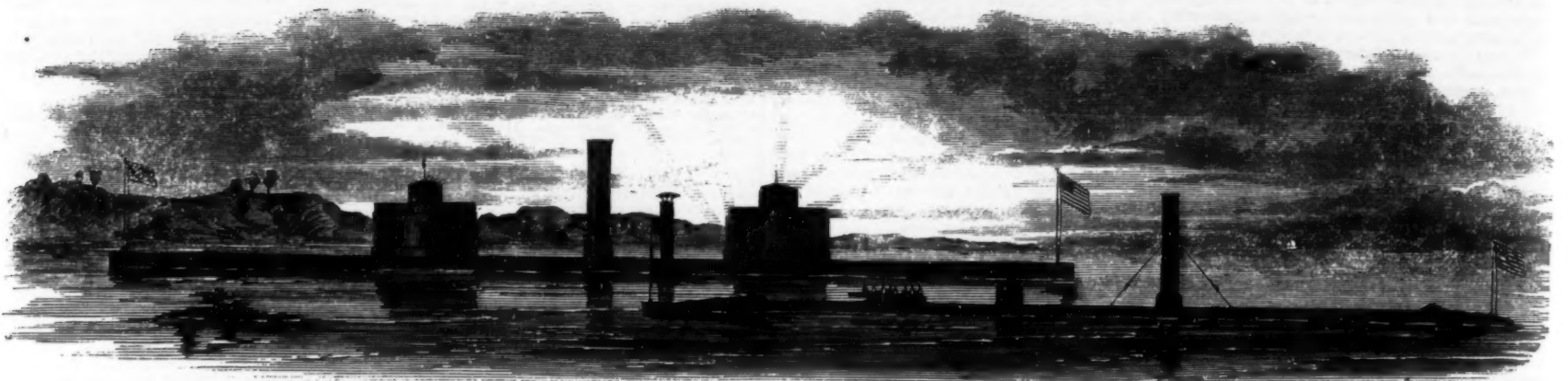
"Mina," said the black steward to his captain, as they fell in with a homeward-bound vessel, "I wish you would write a few lines for me to do old woman, 'cause I can't write." The good-natured skipper complied, and wrote all that Mina's vessel told. As the captain was about to seal the letter, Mina, however, reminded him that he had omitted to do so. "Please excuse me, but I forgot an' spellin'."

THROWING ONE'S SELF ABOUT.—An instance of this proceeding was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice!





THE NEW OCEAN MONITOR DICTATOR.



DOUBLE-TURRETED MONITOR MONADNOCK AND THE MONITOR TORPEDO BOAT NAPA, STRIPPED FOR ACTION.



ONE OF THE NEW TORPEDO BOATS.

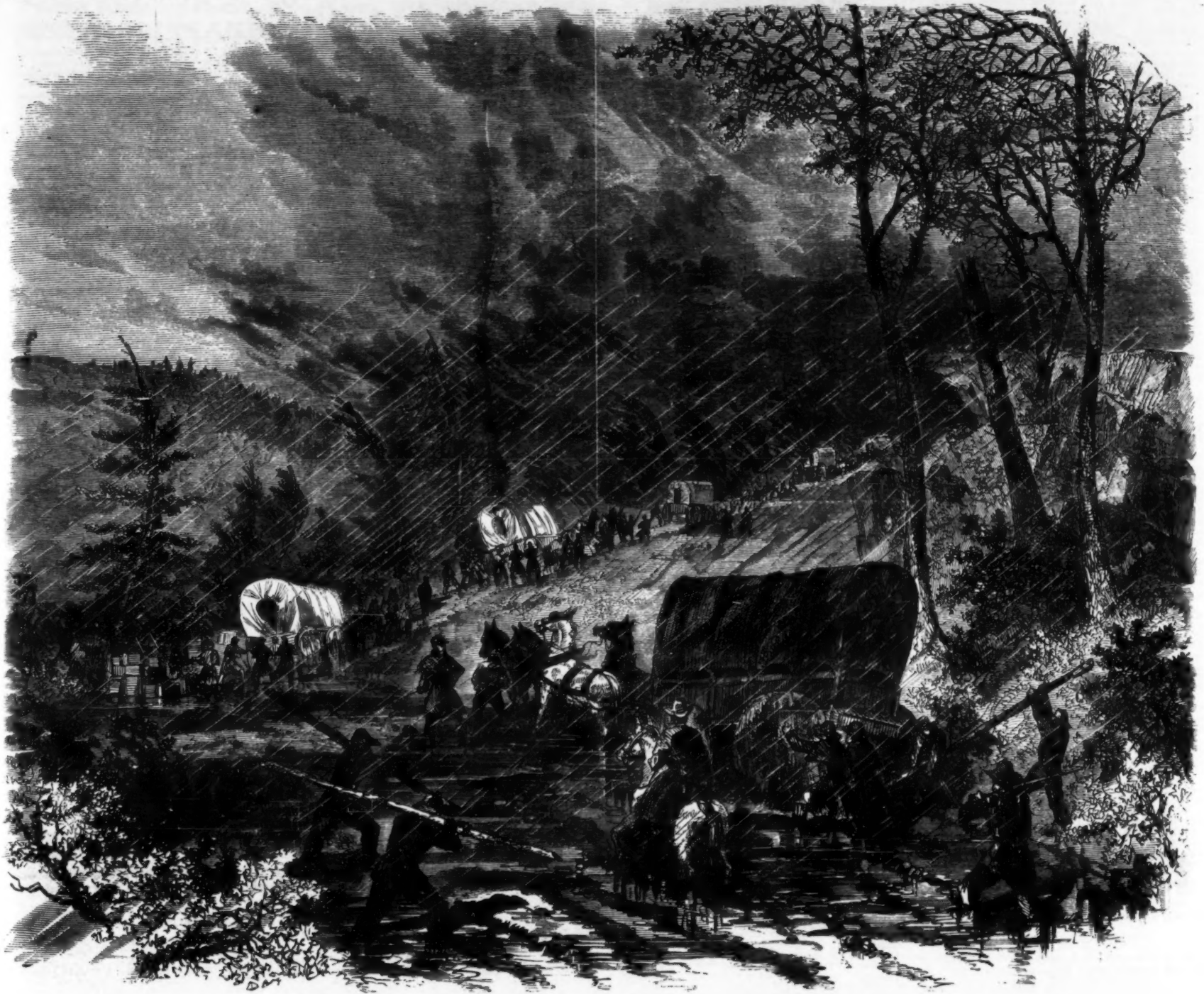


NEW LIGHT DRAUGHT MONITOR TURKIE.



OUR NEW IRONCLADS, SHOWING THE NEW PATTERNS RECENTLY ADOPTED.





THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—A BAGGAGE TRAIN CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS IN A STORM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.

## OUR NEW IRONCLADS.

On page 108 will be found truthful sketches of a new batch of machines of war belonging to our navy. The Dictator is represented at sea and in the act of lifting her enormous prow from the briny deep over which she is coursing. She is known as an ocean ironclad ram, and was built at the Delamater iron works foot of 13th street, N. R., from plans and drawings by the great Swedish engineer, John Ericsson. She is a beautiful piece of workmanship. She carries two 15-inch guns in her turret.

The Monadnock, although a monitor battery, is built of oak wood, and heavily clad with iron armor. She has two turrets, and carries four 15-inch guns. She was built at the Boston Navy Yard, under the superintendence of W. L. Hanscomb, Esq., naval constructor.

The Tuxis belongs to the light draught monitor class

of vessels which have been so unsuccessful. It is doubtful whether she can ever be made useful in her present condition. She was built at Chester, Penn., by Reamy, Son & Archibald, from plans and drawings of Chief-Engineer Alban C. Stimers, U. S. N. She carries two 11-inch guns in her turret.

The Napa is also a light draught monitor, but she will be completed without a turret and will mount an 11-inch gun on her forward deck. The pilot-house will take the place of the turret. She was built at Wilmington, Delaware, from plans by Mr. Stimers.

The new torpedo boat bears the name of Stromboli, and is the invention of Chief-Engineer W. W. Wood, U. S. N. We are not at liberty at the present time to go into an internal description of this new and novel craft. She performs her work entirely with the torpedo, which, by an ingenious contrivance, is placed and exploded under the bottom of an enemy's vessel, or on the bed of a river or bay where obstructions have been placed. She was built at Fair Haven, Conn., by S. H. Pook, Esq., one of the most accomplished and successful

naval architects of the age. He is a son of naval constructor S. M. Pook.

The little picket boats which we represent are new to our service, and their value cannot at the present time be over-estimated. All of them are fitted with a "Wood" torpedo attachment. There are six of them already constructed. They were built at Schenectady, N. Y., under the superintendence of Capt. C. S. Boggs, of Varuna fame.

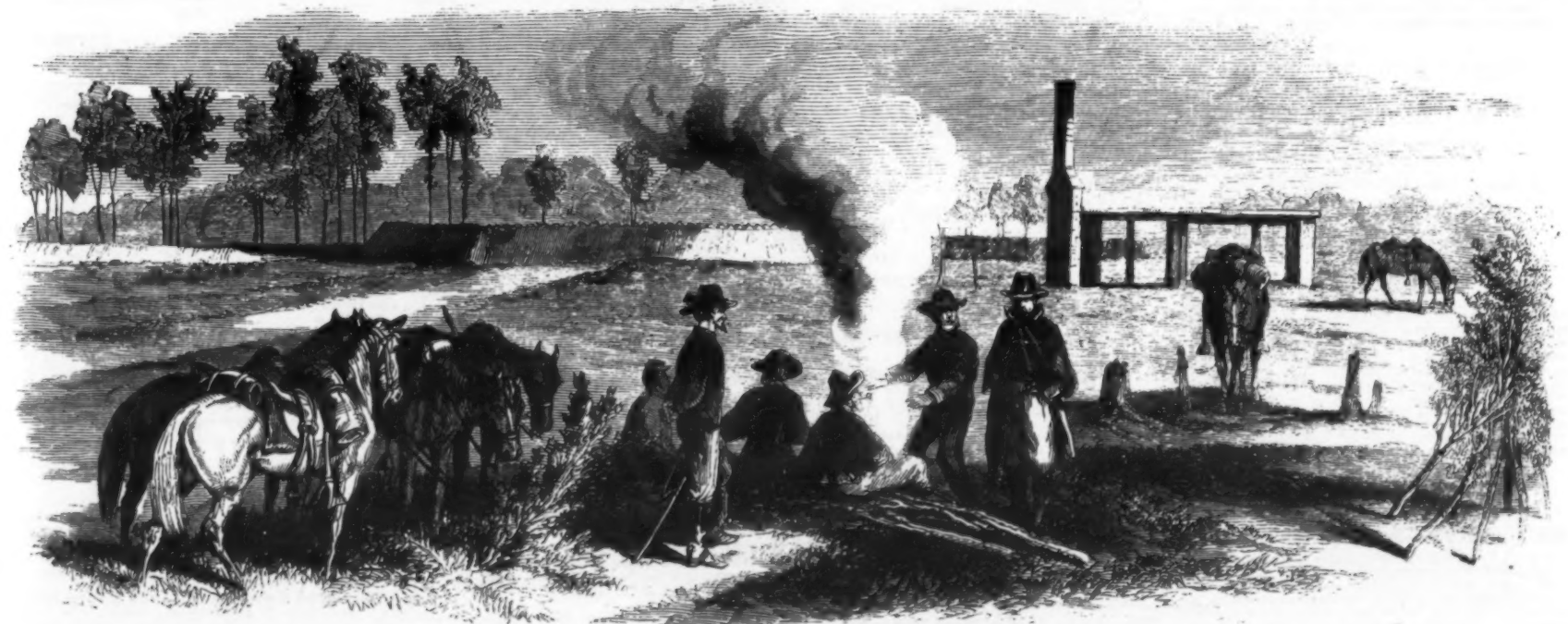
## THE LATE MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

A GREAT city is ever the scene of fearful crimes. The immense mass of people, the constant changes, the dens and sloughs of vice, all give a sort of cover to crime. Occasionally a case occurs in which murder is attended with such revolting circumstances as to cause a thrill through a community hardened to

such scenes. Such was the case of Colt, who packed the body of his victim, Adams, in a box with salt, and shipped it on board a vessel bound for New Orleans, and directed to some point on the Mississippi river, where, had it arrived, detection would have been almost impossible. But by the acuteness of the detectives the box was traced from Colt's room to the ship, by means of the cartman, and the crime was thus exposed. So in the case of Professor Webster; his attempt to burn the body of Parkman in his laboratory led to the discovery of the murder.

In our vicinity recently there has been a very remarkable case of this kind, involved, perhaps, in more mystery and certainly more curious in its details than usually surround the most mysterious murders.

On the 3d of October a boatman near the foot of Little street, Brooklyn, saw a package floating on the water, and thinking it might contain clothing or something of



GEORGE'S CAMPAIGN—OUTSIDE THE LINES OF THE NEW POSITION NEAR THE SOUTHSIDE RAILROAD, LOOKING BACK.—SKETCHED FROM A CAVALRY PICKET BY ANDREW McCALLUM.



the kind, took it into his boat. To his surprise he found the trunk of a human body, quite fresh, the head, arms, pelvis and legs of which had been cut off with saw and axe as if by a butcher, and that without removing the clothing. A soft hat was also found with it. The whole was wrapped in sheets of brown paper and enveloped in an india-rubber cloth like a table cover. The remains were carried to the 42d Precinct, to await further developments.

The flesh was plump, hard and healthy-looking, the blood still running, and, in the opinion of those who examined it, the breath had not left the living body more than six or eight hours before it was taken out of the dock at the foot of Little street. It had been thrown in so recently that a portion of the clothing was still dry. On the morning of the 10th, one week thereafter, the pelvis was found at the foot of Corlears street, New York; the same day, the thighs were found in Gravesend bay, some 12 miles distant; and on the 13th the legs and feet, with boots and clothing on, were picked up off Yellow Hook, about six miles distant from the Navy Yard. Little street runs along the southerly wall of the yard.

Finally on the 17th, two weeks after the murder and the discovery of the trunk, the head was found near Fort Hamilton. It was in a good state of preservation, being wrapped in the same enameled cloth as the other parts, but without the hardware paper used in the other cases.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, with its immense circulation, has never been indifferent to the public interest, and has always done its part in detecting crime. More than one murder has been traced and more than one criminal secured by its aid. That a clue may be had to the person thus barbarously murdered, and so ultimately traces found of his assassins, we give a portrait taken from the photograph taken by Swanick. The evidence of murder is unmistakable. A bullet-hole was found in the right temple and another under the right eye. The wounds were probed, and found to be about three inches in depth. Thus far, no attempt has been made to extract the balls, should they still be in the brain.

The features present the appearance of a stout, healthy and handsome-looking man of about 35 years of age. The hair is of a dark red heavy color, inclined to curl, whiskers thick and short, with moustaches, of a red color. The complexion is light, the eyes blue. The face is oval-shaped, rather broad below the temples. The forehead is high, and of good width; in fact, everything about the face and head indicates that he was a man of intellect. The teeth are rather large and in first-rate condition.

The head and features are in an excellent state of preservation—almost as fresh-looking as they might have been on the day after death; and should they be seen by any one who ever saw the man alive, they could be identified without any difficulty whatever.

The clothing consist of a gray cloth round-top hat, with the rim curled up, a gray mixed coat, or rather, a section thereof, vest and pantaloons of similar material, ordinary boots, which had been footed, and the legs patched, a portion of a common woollen under-shirt, and muslin over-shirt, with linen bosom, narrow plaited; cotton stockings, which had been darned; the under-shirt had also been mended; the handkerchief is of common white cotton cloth.

In one of the pantaloons pockets attached to the pelvis were six keys, two of them alike, and one a fancy bureau key, with a brass top, of which we give a sketch.

No clue has yet been obtained as to the person thus hurried out of existence and flung in fragments into the East river. Speculation is baffled as to what direction to choose for search.

We trust that the portrait disseminated by our columns will at least lead to the identification of the remains.

We can hardly suppose, however, that much time will elapse before the authorities can obtain some clue. The Mayors of Brooklyn and New York have offered rewards of \$1,000 each for information as to the murder. This ought to bring forth intelligence from some quarter.

The remains are all kept on ice, and will be preserved as long as possible to aid in identification. Our Artist is under obligations to Deputy-Coroner Joseph Monk (Coroner Norris's office) for the portrait and facilities afforded him.

He's a LUNATIC.—A correspondent writes to ask how much the waste of time measures round!

A GENTLEMAN said a few days ago to a friend, "Let's go to-night to see the girls at the opera." The more gallant friend replied, "Would it not be better to say, 'Let's go and see beauty in *hers*'?"

A TEACHER in a Sabbath school inquired of a little girl in her class if she had been christened. "Oh, yeth, ma'am, a good lard plaithe," and at the same time stripped up the sleeve of her dress and exhibited the mark of vaccination.

An enterprising but ignorant South American has sent to an Albany locomotive shop for 100 cow-catchers. He expects to use them in taking wild cattle on the plains of Paraguay, in place of the lasso.

THERE is a curious duel now pending in Boston, which began ten years ago. Mr. A—, a bachelor, challenged Mr. B—, a married man with one child, who replied that the conditions were not equal; that he must necessarily put more at risk with his life than the other, and he declined. A year afterwards he received a challenge from Mr. A—, who stated that he too had a wife and child, and he supposed the objection of Mr. B— was no longer valid. Mr. B— replied that he had now two children, consequently the inequality still existed. The next year Mr. A— renewed his challenge, having now two children also; but his adversary had three. The matter, when last heard from, was still going on, the numbers being six to seven, and the challenge yearly renewed.

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Engineers approaching a Fort.  
Travelling in the Forests of Madagascar.  
Union Refugees.  
Scene in Central Park.  
View in a Convent.  
Archbishop McCloskey.  
View in Central Park.  
Sacristan Camel and Young.  
Mexican Porcupine.  
Gold Washing on the Andagueda.  
Children Playing among the Tombs.  
Ancient Venetian Wineglass.  
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Residence of Abraham Lincoln, Springfield.  
Catastrophe at the Church of the Compagnie.  
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